

The TATTLER



AUGUST 13, 1958

& BYSTANDER — (2/-)





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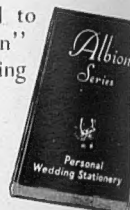
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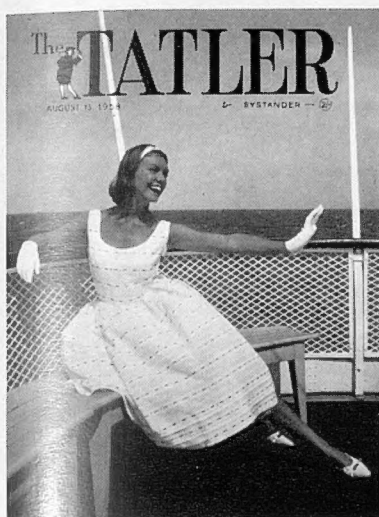
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Edinburgh's festival



A SUMMER CRUISE, but not at sea. The girl in the *jeune fille* dress is aboard a steamer on Lake Geneva. The embroidered cotton of her dress is Swiss, too—a Roeliff & Chapman design, available in Britain from Hanny Nichols' Little Shop, Knightsbridge (15 gns.)

D I A R Y of the week

FROM 14 AUGUST TO
20 AUGUST

THURSDAY 14 AUGUST

Horse Show: New Forest Pony Sale at Beaulieu Road, near Lyndhurst, Hants.

Regatta: Torbay Fortnight (to 30th), including the Royal Regatta.

FRIDAY 15 AUGUST

Festival: Festival of Wales presentation of *Under Milk Wood* in the open air (and 16th) at Laugharne, Carmarthenshire.

NEXT WEEK'S issue will contain an illuminating article on the £ s. d. of festivals. The author, Kenneth Gregory, asks: Can the Edinburgh survive? Also: a lively Roundabout contribution by IVOR BROWN (himself a Scot) on "Do the Scots overdo their Scotchness?"

Golf: Boys' International Match, England v. Scotland at Moortown, Leeds.

Horticulture: The 10th Annual Flower Show (to 17th) at South Shields, Co. Durham.

MONDAY 18 AUGUST

Regattas: Babbacombe Regatta (and 19th) in Devon, and Lowestoft Regatta Week (to 23rd) in Suffolk.

TUESDAY 19 AUGUST

Golf: The Highland Open Amateur Tournament (to 24th) at Pitlochry, Perthshire.

WEDNESDAY 20 AUGUST

Trade: The Model Engineer Exhibition (to 30th) at the Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster.

Agriculture: Lancaster Agricultural Show at Giant Axe Field, Lancaster, and the Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society's Show (and 21st).

Fête: Shrewsbury Musical and Floral Fête (and 21st).

SATURDAY 16 AUGUST

Old Custom: National Town Criers Championships, at Hastings, Sussex.

Cricket: New Zealanders v. Nottinghamshire (to 18th) at Trent Bridge, Nottingham.

Yachting: Royal Ocean Racing Club Race from Brixham to St. Nazaire.

SUNDAY 17 AUGUST

Motor Sport: Veteran and Vintage Car Rally at Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.

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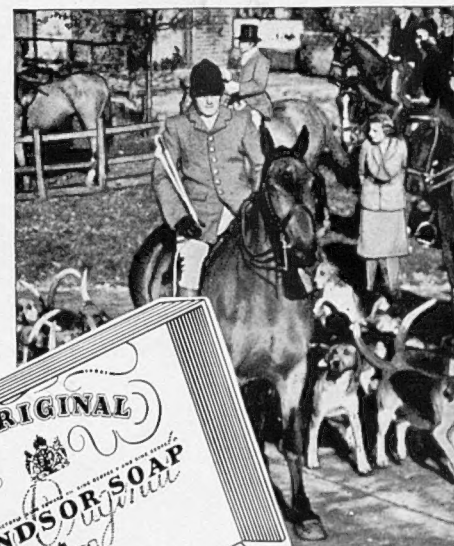
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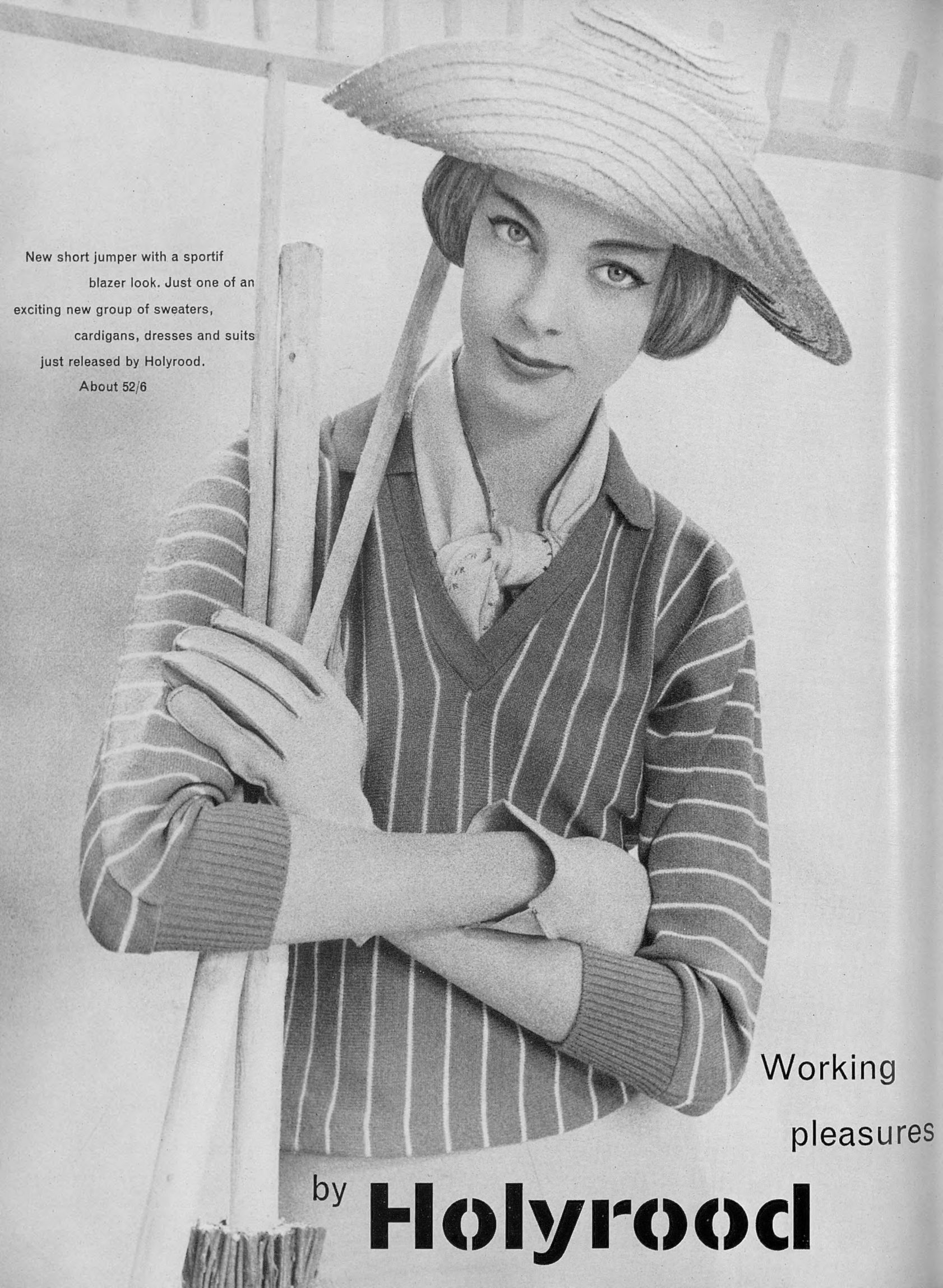
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The TATLER

& STANDER

Vol. CC XIX. No. 2979

13 August 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Alan Vines

PERSONALITY

Club leader

ELIZABETH STUCLEY, author, social worker and sister of a baronet, is a woman out of the ordinary—as may be judged from her latest plan. She hopes to lead a party of boys on a cycle trip this summer to the Brussels World Fair. For several years she ran a boys' club at her Clapham Common home—an unlikely setting, for she and her husband live in a huge Wren house scheduled as an historic building. The club (called the Adventurers' Club), and how she spent her time thinking up adventures to absorb the energies of its unruly members, are described in a book she published this summer—*Teddy Boys' Picnic* (Blond, 16s.).

Elizabeth Stucley, 52 and six feet tall, is married to Captain John Northmore, who is a portrait-painter. They have a

son, David. She comes from an old Devon family which has owned Affeton Castle for more than 500 years, and also musters a 10th-century abbey and a Georgian mansion.

During the war she directed the Board of Trade's Make & Mend campaign, lecturing all over the country on do-it-yourself. But children have always interested her, and though her club no longer meets, her home still tends to be an open house for neighbourhood boys—hence the Brussels project. She has written several successful children's books—the first, at 25, a fairy story on economics. (She later spent two years at the London School of Economics.) She has also written four novels, and a religious play that was produced at Southwark Cathedral.



GENERALS of two nations celebrated Belgium's National Day (the day in 1830 when Belgium became independent) at a party given by the Belgian Forces of Northern Army Group at H.Q. NORTHAG & B.A.O.R., Germany. Above: Air Vice-Marshal H. J. Kirkpatrick (Senior Air Staff Officer, 2nd Tactical Air Force), Gen. Sir Dudley Ward (C.-in-C., B.A.O.R. and Commander NORTHAG), Air Vice-Marshal W. P. G. Pretty (Air Officer i/c Admin., 2nd T.A.F.), and Major-Gen. Vicomte de Walckiers, Deputy Chief of Staff and Senior Belgian Officer, NORTHAG. The headquarters is at Muenchen-Gladbach, near Duesseldorf

GOLFERS of Britain's Curtis Cup team photographed before flying to the U.S., in their bid to be the first British team to win the Cup there. (They won it at Sandwich in 1956.) Just before leaving, they gathered for practice at the Royal Mid-Surrey course, where they are shown. Front row: Mrs. Frances Smith, Mrs. Jessie Valentine, Miss Elizabeth Price. Back row: Miss Dorothea Somerville, Mrs. Angela Bonallack, Miss Janette Robertson, Miss Bridget Jackson and Mrs. Marley Spearman (reserve)



GENERALS *celebrate*

GOLFERS *challenge*

STARS *disport*



Actors and actresses played circus and variety rôles in the *Night Of 100 Stars*, a midnight matinée in aid of the charity for actors' orphans. Above: Robert Morley with Margaret Leighton. She was in a burlesque of old-time musical comedy with Kay Kendall

Van H



Right: Lady Mountain, wife of Sir Brian Mountain (chairman of Eagle Star Insurance) with Mr. Emile Littler, the impresario. Below: Mr. & Mrs. Edward Sutro. They are regular and enthusiastic first-nighters, and sometimes see five new plays a week



The colour bar...

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

*A morsel of advice, my pet,
Upon a point of etiquette.
Good coffee should be (everybody knows)
As black as night, as hot as Hell,
As sweet as stolen kiss—
Alas for those who drink it any other way but this.
No Deb's Delight
Or Socialite
Would live to tell the tale.
Taking after-dinner coffee white
Is quite
Beyond the Pale.*

*What was that word I heard you say
Of invectiverous ilk?
Oh, have it your own infernal way . . .
Yes, waiter . . . two . . . with milk.*



Donaldson—Avory

Miss Sonia Iris Avory, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Avory, of Littleton Farm, Shepperton, Middlesex, married Mr. Charles William Donaldson, only son of the late Mr. & Mrs. C. G. Donaldson, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bridegroom is a member of the shipping family



Dewhurst—Walker

Miss Angela R. Walker, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. G. N. Walker, of Sandford, Wormit, Fife, married Mr. Jeremy H. Dewhurst, son of Lt.-Col. H. L. & the Hon. Mrs. Dewhurst, Dungarhill, Dunkeld, Perth, at St. John's Church, Cupar, Fife. The bride's father is chairman of Jute Industries, Ltd.



Laing—Pennington

Miss Penelope Lucinda Pennington, second daughter of Major & Mrs. G. W. Pennington-Ramsden, Brackley, Northants, married Mr. Peter Anthony Neville Pennethorpe Laing, son of the late Lt.-Col. N. O. Laing & Mrs. Laing, Farnham, Surrey, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Hamilton Russell—Bindon

Miss Athene Bindon, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Bindon, of Fort Victoria, Southern Rhodesia, married Mr. Timothy Patrick Hamilton Russell, son of Mr. J. Hamilton Russell, M.P., & the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton Russell, of Cape Town, South Africa, at St. Margaret's, Binsey, Oxon. The reception was at University College



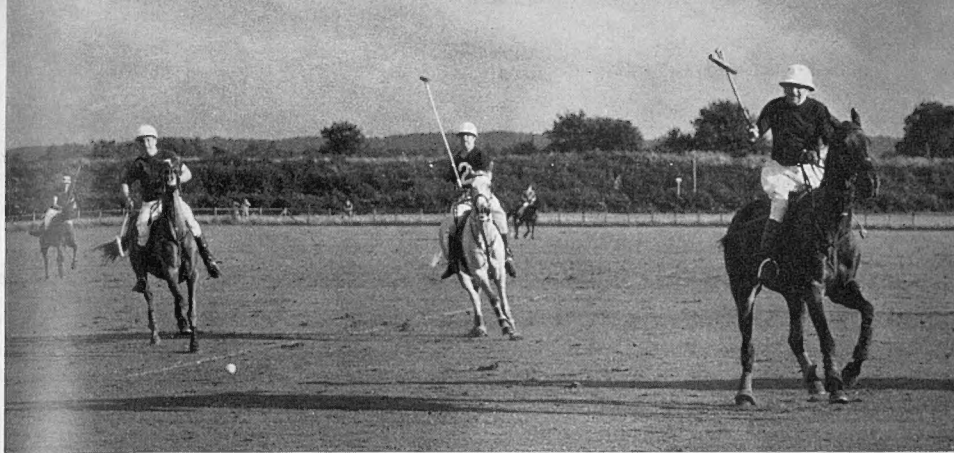
Scott—Horsley

Miss Jill Margaret Horsley, elder daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. W. E. F. Horsley, of The White House, Benson, Oxon, married Mr. Michael Balfour Scott, Scots Guards, son of the late Brig. H. B. Scott, D.S.O., The Royals, & Mrs. G. Beeby, Hamilton House, Compton, Berks, at St. George's Church, Nanyuki, Kenya



Longcroft—Bond

Miss Rosemary Evelyn Bond, only daughter of the late Mr. W. Tremayne Bond, O.B.E., & Mrs. Bond, of Little Latchmoor, Boldre, near Lymington, Hants, married Mr. Charles McKerrrell Longcroft, only son of the late Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles & Lady Longcroft, of Connaught Square, W.2, at Boldre Parish Church, Hants



SOCIAL JOURNAL

The meeting that ends the season

by JENNIFER

The Queen was warmly welcomed when she arrived at Goodwood, her first public appearance after being confined to Buckingham Palace with severe sinusitis for over three weeks. Before the two days' racing she had resumed some of her official duties in receiving her Ministers and members of the Diplomatic Corps.

The Queen (who stayed two nights in Sussex with the Duke & Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle) was present to see her two runners Douteille in the Cup and Stroma, neither, alas, placed. Prince Philip came to the meeting, too, and played polo at Cowdray afterwards. I motored there one evening to watch his Windsor Park Team defeat Silver Leys by six goals to four.

At Goodwood the going was perfect, the lawn verdant, the stand glistening with white paint and the flower beds full of begonias and other brilliant blooms. The Duke of Richmond & Gordon and his Clerk of the Course, Mr. Ralph Hubbard, had again made many improvements during the year, including new stands around the paddock, additional cloakrooms and a new bar on the members' lawn. As always, it was a perfectly run meeting with good fields and high-class racing.

The Queen watched with the Duke & Duchess of Richmond & Gordon in their private box. This year the Duke & Duchess had their elder son the Earl of March and his attractive wife, the Duchess's sister Miss Mollie Hudson and a party of young friends staying with them at Goodwood House. These included Lord & Lady Carnegie, Mr. & Mrs. Wheeler Bennett, Mr. & Mrs. William Pirrie, Mr. Nicholas Eden, Lady Serena Lumley, Mr. John Smiley, the Hon. Eliza Guinness and Mr. Stephen Gibbs. On Cup day they were joined in their box for racing and luncheon by the Spanish Ambassador the Marqués de Santa Cruz, a racing enthusiast.

Arundel Castle's annual ball

Many house parties were given in the district for this gay week. After racing, too, there were many parties, among them the Arundel Castle Ball which the Duchess of Norfolk (who looked smart each day racing in printed silk suits) organizes every year during Goodwood week in aid of Sussex charities. Racing I saw the Earl & Countess of Rosebery and his daughter Lady Helen Smith who were in the big house-party at Arundel, the Earl & Countess of Durham who had the Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn



COWDRAY POLO WEEK attracted many spectators after the day's racing at nearby Goodwood. Above left: A semi-final in progress. In the middle is Mr. J. C. Barton (Cirencester) flanked by Mr. E. Lalor and Major A. David (Friar Park). Above: Herts Hornets players Mr. G. Strakosch, Mr. L. A. Lucas and Mr. G. R. Rudkin



Mrs. Roberts, wife of Sqn.-Ldr. A. L. Roberts, and her daughter Lavinia. They used to farm in Rhodesia, and now live in Surrey



Lt.-Col. Sir Rupert Dering, an official of Cowdray Park Polo Club, with Lady Dering



Desmond O'Neill
Sir David Reynolds, who played for Wilmer Cottage, and Miss Juliet Kingsford, a secretary



THE QUEEN at Goodwood with the Duke of Richmond & Gordon, who owns the racecourse. It was her first public appearance since her illness



Godfrey Cake
Miss Georgina Stonor (16), Miss Harriett Stonor (15) and Miss Julia Stonor (19), daughters of Major the Hon. & Mrs. Sherman Stonor, of Stonor Park, near Henley-on-Thames. He is the heir of Lord Camoys

staying with them, and Lord & Lady Chesham who had his mother Mrs. Lorne and Mr. & Mrs. Charles Mills in their house party. The Earl & Countess of Sefton, Sir Rex & Lady Benson and Cdr. & the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn entertained jointly in their private lunch room. Also Sir Eric & Lady Ohlson, Major & Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw, Mr. & Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, and Sir Adrian Jarvis, who all have enchanting little chalets where they entertain their friends between races.

I saw the Duke & Duchess of Northumberland, the latter attractive and beautifully dressed, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Derby (who flew down in his private plane and landed on the new aerodrome at Goodwood), Major & the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan who had several runners (and were off to Cowes after the racing), Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Ralph Hubbard (who had Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cusick of New York and Mr. Cholmeley Harrison staying at The Cottage), Sir Humphrey & Lady de Trafford and their four attractive daughters, Mr. & Mrs. Tom Blackwell, the Hon. Jakey Astor, and Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H., who like many of the others there has now gone to shoot grouse over his moor in Scotland.

Viscount & Viscountess Cowdray brought their house party from Cowdray Park, the Earl of Feversham was racing, also Lord Irwin, Earl & Countess Rocksavage, Lord & Lady Ranfurly, Mrs. Sydney Loder, Mrs. John Ward, the Earl & Countess of Westmorland, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord & Lady Porchester, the latter pretty in pastel shades each day, Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and her daughter Sarah, Lord & Lady Digby, Lord & Lady Ismay, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Montague, Mr. Jack Joel (who brought off a double on the second day), the Queen's trainer Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort (who also had a double that afternoon), Miss Monica Sherrieffe, Lady Petre, the Hon. Anthony

Samuel and his wife who had a house party at their Surrey home, Viscountess Tenby, Countess Howe, Viscount & Viscountess Cranborne, Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, Col. Peter Dollar, Mr. & Mrs. "Sandy" Scratchley, and Major & Mrs. Wombwell, from Yorkshire, staying with her sister Mrs. Phillips.

Brig. & Mrs. Willie Wyatt were staying with Major & Mrs. Hornung, and I also saw Major & Mrs. Herbert Holt (who both had runners at the meeting), Sir Richard Sykes, Col. & Mrs. Douglas Forster, Mr. & Mrs. Dennis Russell, Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson, who had a party at Billingshurst, Mr. Paul Maze who has painted many fine pictures of this race meeting, and his wife, the Hon. Jim & the Hon. Mrs. Philipps, Major & Mrs. Derek Wigan, Brig. Derek Schreiber, and Cdr. Scott-Miller, M.P., & Mrs. Scott-Miller.

A number of young people were enjoying the meeting, including Mr. & Mrs. "Larch" Loyd who have a successful stud, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Smith-Bingham, the Earl of Brecknock, Miss Miranda Smiley escorted by the Duke of Atholl, Miss Serena Murray, Lady Anne and Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard, the Hon. Mrs. Sandy Pease pretty in yellow, Lady Davina Pepys, Miss Tessa Williams and her fiancé, Mr. Michael Preece, and Miss Daphne Phillips. Also the Marquess & Marchioness of Waterford, Mr. & Mrs. David Ainsworth over from Ireland, the Hon.



A. V. Swaabe
Miss Vicky Master and her fiancé, Mr. Ian Boyd, watched polo at Windsor

Janet Hamilton, Mr. Nick Akroyd, Miss Sonia Pilkington and Mr. Ian Cameron, who were all in the same house party.

A weekend in Monte Carlo

Before Goodwood I had flown down to Monte Carlo for the weekend. After a smooth and comfortable flight in an Air France Viscount I landed at the now luxurious Nice airport, one of the best run in the world. The superintendent is M. Naniche who, a couple of years ago, was awarded the O.B.E. for his services to British aviation.

Noël Coward, returning after his brief visit to London for the charity show of *Night of 100 Stars* in which he appeared, was a fellow passenger. He had been staying in an enchanting little house at Biot on the estate which Mr. Edward Molyneux gave to his sister Mrs. Kathleen Lumley. She was expected back there sometime this month.

In Monte Carlo I stayed at the Hotel de Paris, one of the most comfortable hotels I know, where four new top floors should be



The new Panamanian Ambassador, Senor Carlos F. Alfaro, with his wife. He succeeds Dame Margot Fonteyn's husband, Senor Roberto Arias

ready by the New Year. These consist of 60 luxury bedrooms (many with balcony loggias) and bathrooms, and eight sitting-rooms, all air-conditioned. On the eighth floor (where I found the view over the Mediterranean breathtaking) there is to be a rooftop grill-room on the "Ronde". It will have a bar, at one end of the half-circle, which will be in the open air all the summer.

Other improvements have been made for visitors to Monte Carlo this summer. The most important is the long row of 30 new beach cabins, each with a shower and wash-basin.

All the familiar, friendly faces were there in Monte Carlo: M. Broc who runs the Hotel de Paris and galas so superbly; Mr. Grindler who manages the two beach hotels and the cabins during the summer, and the Hotel Hermitage; M. Scheck greeting guests at the Hotel Metropole; Ernest who for years has driven the little bus several times an hour from the Hotel de Paris to the beach and back; Florence who is in charge of towels and other necessities at the piscine; and invaluable Jean, head porter at the Hotel de Paris, a fount of information and efficiency.

Aboard the Onassis yacht

Monte Carlo, bathed in sunshine and gay with flowers, was filling up rapidly with every prospect of a good season. Prince Rainier & Princess Grace had not left for their usual summer visit to Switzerland. The night before I arrived they gave a small, informal party down at the Sea Club (right on the sea next to the Summer Sporting Club) and danced among other guests in the moonlight. During the weekend they went to a small party given by Mr. & Mrs. Aristotle Onassis on board their yacht *Christina*; a party which, like the galas, included a superb firework display. This is the most beautifully furnished yacht I have seen, and is ideal for a party, with its lovely dance floor.

On the night of my arrival I went to a gala on the open-air terrace of the Summer Sporting Club with its glass dance floor. The Club was not overcrowded (about 400 guests) and it was a delightful occasion. It came between the two big charity galas, the first for the Red Cross at which Prince Rainier and Princess Grace were present, and the other for polio research in France.

On the night I was there high pyramids of pink and white flowers lit with pink silk-shaded lights were arranged on the terrace

A coming-out near Goodwood

On the first night of Goodwood races the Baronne de Bosmelet, who wore a royal-blue chiffon dress, gave a successful coming-out dance for her daughter Mlle. Helene de Bosmelet. It was held at the home of her father, Mr. Robert Mathias—Bury Manor, near Pulborough. Dancing and supper took place in the lofty barn (reputed to be the oldest in Sussex) adjoining the house. The reception rooms, where masses of flowers were arranged, were used for sitting out as well as the garden. A barbecue of hot sausages was arranged at one end of the lawn, and at the other end young people enjoyed the swings next to a large floodlit weeping-willow, which hung over the lake on which ornamental ducks were swimming. Later in the evening a troubadour, in satin costume, sang lilting 18th-century songs beside the lake, accompanying himself on a guitar.

Helene wore a pink stole with her white dress and was a charming hostess. I met Mr. Robert Mathias trying to find some of his family while surrounded by young friends of his granddaughter, many of whom had come over from France for the ball. Among older friends I saw the Marchioness of Reading, her son and daughter-in-law Viscount & Viscountess Erleigh (she was in white with a magnificent diamond necklace), Mr. & Mrs. Tom Hubbard, Mrs. Trubshaw, Mrs. Michael Smiley, Mrs. Durant, Mrs. Barret and Mr. & Mrs. Roger Hall, all of whom had given dinner parties for the dance.

Among the young people dancing were the Hon. Terence Pearson and Mr. Colin Malcolmson, who had come over from Cowdray, Miss Sally & Miss Diana Hall, Miss Alexandra Bridgewater, Lady Davina Pepin, Miss Victoria Trubshaw, Miss Miranda Burke, the Marquess of Tavistock, Miss Deborah Jowett and Lady Sarah Jane Hope.

and the foyer. There was an excellent cabaret, and the usual brilliant display of fireworks over the sea. I was interested to learn (and mention this for the benefit of those visiting Monte Carlo during the next few weeks) that on nights when there is no gala you can dine out-of-doors on the terrace of the Sporting Club, and enjoy a good dinner and a cabaret including a Sporting Club ballet, for 2,500 francs—about £2 at the present rate of exchange.

Celebrities in the Sporting Club

Many guests went to the Sporting Club. Mme. Onassis, accompanied by her husband, looked lovely in a chic white satin dress and a magnificent ruby-and-diamond necklace. They later went upstairs with friends to dance. Others at the gala or in the Sporting Club that evening included Mr. & Mrs. Loel Guinness, who had their beautiful yacht *Calisto* in the harbour. Next day I saw him loading a small cream-coloured four-seater open car with wicker seats on to his motor launch and then on to his yacht, a handy little vehicle wherever they land. His son Mr. Patrick Guinness and his lovely wife were also present that evening.

Other young marrieds I saw were Mr. Ian & Lady Mary Bailey with Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Mavroleon who had been their hosts for two weeks in the *Radiant* cruising in the Mediterranean, visiting Italy, Greece and Majorca. The *Radiant* is now chartered to Sir Simon & Lady Marks, who are having a month's cruise in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Stavros Niarchos who had his fine



Miss Helene de Bosmelet and her mother, Baronne de Bosmelet, received the guests in the tithe-barn

Miss Ebu Nye (she is an artist) with her fiancé, Mr. Jeremy Best. He is up at Cambridge



Miss Sally Hall, Mr. Gerry Mordaunt, Miss Diana Hall and Mr. Michael Knight



Miss Grania Gurievitch and Mr. Peter Kirk (left). He works for a shipping firm. Miss Diana Aysh and Mr. Peter Stent (right). He is a farmer



At the Club de la Vigie for an aperitif I saw the Marquise de Villaborga, wife of the Spanish author and actor who has a villa here for the summer, M. Georges Vamos, Miss Flockie Harcourt-Smith, M. Pierre Clery whose mother Comtesse Clery has a lovely villa at Cap Martin.

Some of the lucky owners of villas on this beautiful coast, or those who had rented one, had already arrived. The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes was entertaining quietly in her charming villa at Cap Martin where Princess Joan Aly Khan was also staying in a villa, Lord & Lady Iliffe were in their villa at Roquebrun, and Mr. Somerset Maugham was in his at Cap Ferrat. He was awaiting the arrival of his son-in-law and daughter, Lord & Lady John Hope, and several grandchildren to spend a holiday with him. The Countess of Kenmare was at her villa at Cap Ferrat.

A château for them

M. & Mme Goulendus have once again taken the beautiful Château de la Garoupe from the Hon. Lady Norman who is staying in another of her villas and her son and daughter-in-law Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman are in the enchanting Les Tourelles, the villa they built a few years ago on this family estate at La Garoupe; they were giving a big cocktail party there this month. Sir Gordon & Lady Vereker were at their villa near Grasse where they were also entertaining this month. Mr. Aubrey Cartwright is over from America spending the summer at his villa Casa Estella (one of

yacht *Creole* in Villefranche, was in the Sporting Club that evening; also Mrs. Florence Jay Gould who has recently built one of the most superb villas on the Riviera, and Mr. & Mrs. Peter Laycock, Mr. Michael, Mrs. Brand, Mr. & Mrs. Wachman over from Ireland, Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Pinckney who were spending four weeks in a villa at Antibes, Mr. & Mrs. Vincent Paravicini, Norwegian-born Mr. Camillo Holm and his attractive wife, Mr. Harold Christie over from Nassau for a couple of weeks, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Cleaver who came over from their villa at Cap d'Ail, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Thursby who had come on from Venice where they had been staying with Count & Countess Paul Munster, Mr. David Bailey and Miss Sarah Clifford Turner, who were staying in a villa at Cap Ferrat as guests of Miss Patricia Rawlings and her parents, and Americans Mrs. J. Donahue, Mr. Charles Feldman, and Mr. Marwin—the last two were playing baccarat.

the most beautiful on the coast) at Antibes.

Farther west at St. Tropez, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard, with their daughters, were enjoying an informal holiday in the sunshine on their yacht. The Queen and her consort flew down from Holland to Nice airport in their private aeroplane which Prince Bernhard piloted himself. American Mr. & Mrs. Dan Silberberg were entertaining a succession of guests at their villa in St. Tropez which, I hear, is having (like Monte Carlo) a very gay season.

Sir Ian celebrates

A ruby wedding anniversary is a nostalgic occasion and calls for celebration. So it was a charming idea of Sir Ian Fraser, M.P. (since created one of the new life peers) & Lady Fraser to invite friends to a cocktail party at their delightful home, St. John's Lodge, in Regent's Park. Sir Ian, who was blinded in World War One, has lived a full and busy life and has had an untiring wife to help him in his duties. At 22 he became chairman of that wonderful organization for the blind, St. Dunstan's, for which he has worked indefatigably ever since; he has been a respected Member of Parliament for 30 years and has recently retired after 11 years as president of the British Legion.

During the party (held on the lawn as well as in the house) I went in to see the beautiful Regency dining table which the women's section of the British Legion gave Sir Ian on his retirement. The actual presentation (of a miniature replica) was made in May by the Queen Mother, who is president of the section. They also presented Lady Fraser with a beautiful spray brooch in diamonds, which she wore at the party. Sir Ian also received a cheque subscribed by all branches of the Legion and with £2,000 of this he is establishing the Fraser Trust to help orphan children of an ex-Serviceman or totally disabled war pensioner in their education.

Among guests at the party were Dr. Charles Hill, M.P., who proposed a toast to the host and hostess—to which came the spontaneous reply of "Ian and Chips." Other political friends there included the First Lord of the Admiralty (the Earl of Selkirk) & the Countess of Selkirk, Earl & Countess Attlee, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Sir Alfred Bossom, M.P., Sir William Anstruther Gray, M.P., & Lady Anstruther Gray, Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P., & Lady Baxter, Mr. John Morrison, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Morrison, Sir Arthur Harvey, M.P., & Lady Harvey (looking very attractive), the Rt. Hon. Frederick Bellenger, M.P., and Sir Godfrey Nicholson, M.P.

I also met Sir Bruce & Lady Ingram who are old friends of the Frasers, Viscount Monckton, Mrs. Millie Dickinson, over from Johannesburg, and his niece Miss Joubert, Mr. & Mrs. Donald Fraser and his sister, Mrs. Liza Talbot Ponsonby, and Mr. & Mrs. Michael Talbot Ponsonby. The Commandant of St. Dunstan's was there with Mrs. Fawcett. Also: Miss Ramshaw, matron of St. Dunstan's in Johannesburg, Major J. T. Spinks, chairman of the British Legion, Dame Regina Evans, chairman of the women's section, and Air Commodore Daere, High Sheriff of Sussex, & Mrs. Daere.



LAYETTE Marie-Therese, Comtesse de Clermont, is expecting a baby. Her husband, Prince Henri, is the heir of the Comte de Paris, pretender to the French throne. While the prince is with the French army in Algeria his wife is at her mother's home (*above*), Altshausen in Wurttemberg, preparing the layette. The painting is by Winterhalter



Barry Swaabe

SPECIALIST Mr. Raymond Erith, who specializes in period architecture, is to restore No. 10 Downing Street. He lives at Dedham in Essex (where he has a small farm)



STYLE Barbara Wootton, one of the new life peeresses, will be known as Lady Wootton (her late husband's surname). She is now married to Mr. George Wright, a Socialist official



NEWS

PORTRAITS

LANDMARK An 8 ft. 6 in. statue of Sir Winston Churchill, as he was during the war, has been commissioned from sculptor David McFall by Sir Winston's constituents at Woodford, Essex. The statue, based on the 3 ft. plaster model shown here with the sculptor, will stand on a forested hill at Salway Hill, Woodford Green



SPECTATORS The Countess of Errol, who is Lord High Constable of Scotland (*second from rt.*), visited the Luss Highland Games in Glasgow, with her husband, Sir Iain Monereiffe (*rt.*), and Sir Ivor & Lady Colquhoun. Sir Ivor is the chief of the Clan Colquhoun



SUCCESSOR General Sir Francis Festing is to become Chief of the Imperial General Staff in September. He returned by troopship from Singapore carrying a boxful of his collection of Japanese swords

The Sherwood Rangers' ball



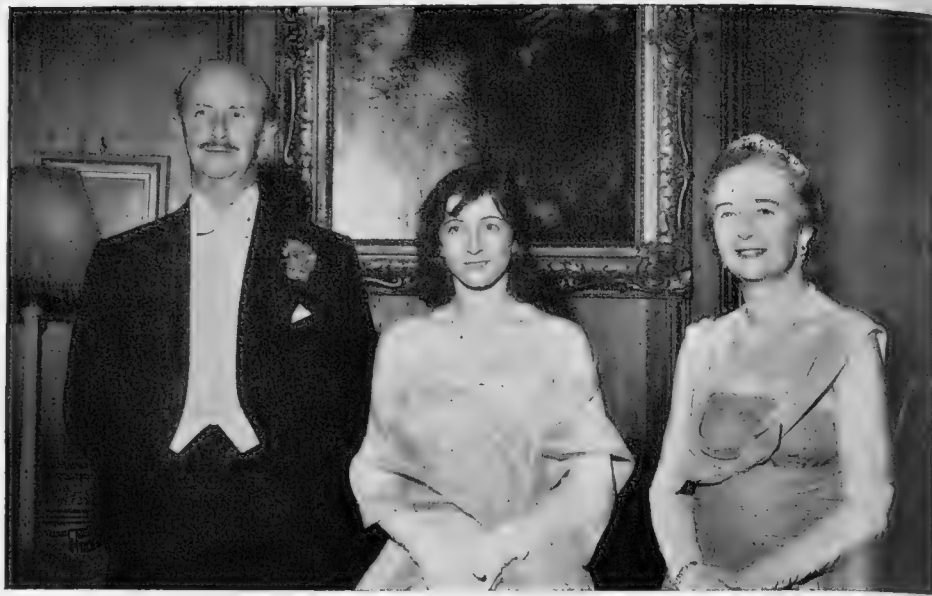
The Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry held a regimental ball at Flintham Hall, Newark. Above: Miss L. Guinness and Mr. Myles Hildyard (in whose home the ball was held)



Mr. Michael Wright and Miss Judith Morgan



The Duke of Portland (he is honorary colonel of the regiment) and Mrs. Craven-Smith-Milnes



Sir Denis Stucley & the Hon. Lady Stucley gave a dance for their daughter Miss Christine Elizabeth Stucley at Burwarton House, Bridgnorth

LADY STUCLEY GIVES A DANCE *for her daughter Christine*



Left: The Earl of Plymouth with the Baroness Darcy de Knayth, who is a peeress in her own right. Right: Mr. Richard Aykroyd and Miss Carolyn Czernin. They have just announced their engagement

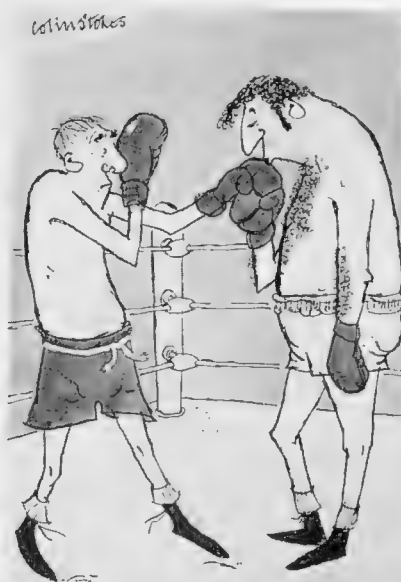


Left: Lady Josephine Sylvia Rose Chetwynd-Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, with Mr. Benedict Fenwick. Right: Miss Georgina Milner (it was her birthday on the day of the dance) and Mr. R. E. Buscall

Van Hallen

STOKES JOKES

- 6



Desmond O'Neill

The crack of a bat in the City

The Honourable Artillery Company, on whose unique five-acre ground in the City of London cricket was played (see print) 15 years or so before the earliest records of the Hambledon Club, beat the M.C.C. by nine runs there in their annual match. The H.A.C. team was: D. S. Holland (captain), J. F. Higgs (behind him), A. J. C. Howard, P. W. Oscroft, M. G. Harvey, M. Newcombe, A. R. Farbrother, J. C. Oscroft, M. Hoghton, M. L. Cooper and D. Garland



SIMPLEST FORM of installation is to lower the fibreglass shell into the ground. The pool, by Gilliam, has a lip that provides its own neat edge



NOW YOU CAN SWIM AT HOME

A pool in the garden is no longer a daydream, thanks to the arrival of that versatile stuff, fibreglass

by MONICA FURLONG

MORE ELABORATE is this heated pool (with surround of Interlock blocks) which permits outdoor swimming despite 10 deg. of frost

JUST BECAUSE the English climate is so moody, nobody knows how to enjoy a burst of fine weather so well as the English. Immediately the sun comes out our thoughts turn to the delights of swimming and sunbathing. All too often we have to wait patiently and pathetically for the next weekend or the next holiday and then—the weather being what it is—it is probably too late. It seems a pity nowadays to restrict the pleasures of bathing to one's rare holidays by the sea, when it is possible to have a private swimming-pool for an outlay that is by no means outsize. Besides, a pool of your own at home opens up a whole new way of life, with a new centre for summer entertaining of your friends.

In the past reinforced concrete has been the only satisfactory material, and for a small pool this was expensive both to instal and to maintain. But now, if you like the idea of a family pool and have a reasonably large garden, it's worth taking a look at the new fibreglass pools with their extremely low prices and running expenses. They are made in sizes ranging from a children's paddling-pool (about £65, and also suitable as an

ornamental pond) to a fairly spacious family pool (24 ft. by 10 ft.) at £335. The smallest adult-sized pool costs about £200. All of them except the children's pool hold up to eight feet of water.

Fibreglass is the material now being used to make boats and sports-car bodies. It is light and strong, it has a smooth surface. It is durable, too, even when left exposed to the weather. Frost will not damage it and algae—the green slime that grows in ponds—will not form on it. So a fibreglass pool is easy to maintain. All that is necessary to keep it clean is to wipe it, when the pool is emptied, with a cloth dipped in a special cleaning solution.

The makers emphasize that what makes or mars a private swimming-pool is its site. There are several "do's" and "don'ts" which make all the difference if faithfully observed. For example, it is unwise to site the pool in shady surroundings or where there are overhanging trees. Certain subsoils—rock in particular—make the preliminary excavation difficult and expensive. It is important to think about the position of water and electrical services and also the disposal of





A yew plank finished in clear cellulose or natural wax makes this attractive pool-side table or seat (made by Reynolds Woodware, about £10 10s.). Right: Ideal for outdoor entertaining is a trolley with removable tray



where water. Water is drained to storm water cover by gravity where this is possible, though some owners use it for irrigation.

If you enjoy gardening, and particularly if you have a taste for landscaping, a swimming pool lends itself to beautiful and elaborate plans. Many people get such fun out of making up their own landscape that they cannot bear to leave it to a professional, but if you feel this is too much for you the makers of the pools are prepared to undertake the layout. A garden really does not need to be huge to house one of the new fibreglass pools, though obviously a feeling of size adds to its charms. The makers estimate the cost of installation at from £15 to £30, depending on whether or not the owner does his own excavation.

The amount of water needed to fill the pool costs from 6s. a time. This will need changing once a week, or much less often if the pool is fitted with an automatic chlorinator. It is possible to heat the pool with a portable electric heater at from £65, though the makers recommend using an oil-fired boiler, which works out cheaper in the long run. In summer the cost of heating the

water is approximately 5s. to 6s. a week per 1,000 gallons of water. Of course, if you are really keen on a daily dip, it is possible to keep it up even in winter, though naturally the heating grows more expensive when the outdoor temperature drops.

Where there is a danger of small children falling in, it is a good idea to buy a special safety cover, which also has the advantage of keeping leaves out and heat in.

Variations on the theme of garden furniture with which to ornament your pool are more numerous this year than they have been since the war. The deck-chair, the steamer-chair and the chaise-longue, of course, are a trio that still dominate designers. Cane, adventurously used, and the ubiquitous plastic, provide the newest designs. There are some delightful cane occasional tables at most of the big stores, and a good deal of imported cane furniture from Hong Kong, which is vividly and beautifully coloured. Argument about conical basket-chairs still wages between the school that claims they are wonderfully comfortable and the school (equally positive) that swears the opposite. The answer seems

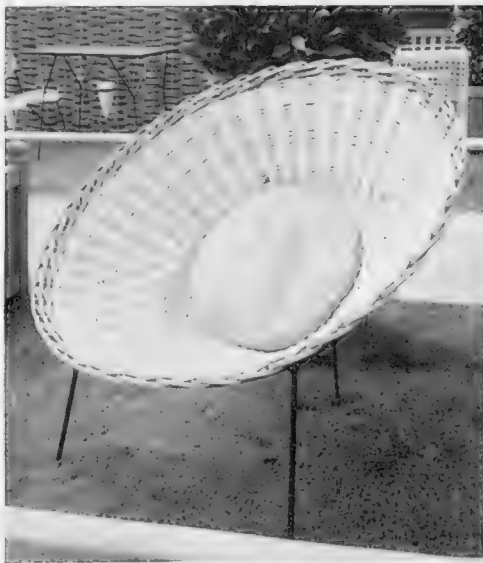
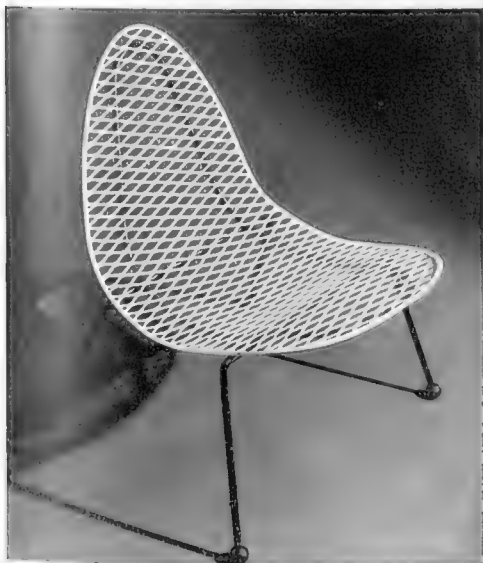
to be "It depends what shape you are" or "Buy a chair that fits you."

If you have neither time nor inclination for chair-fittings, you cannot do better than buy one of the Finnish-designed chairs with a coloured canvas cover on a tubular steel frame—a kind of sophisticated deck-chair. Or for slumping yourself down in happy exhaustion in a dripping bathing-suit, there are lacy-looking chairs of metal; covered in rolled white plastic material.

I particularly liked a garden wagon made of white wire with a removable wooden tray. A less determinedly urbane hostess, however, might prefer the rustic table made of a yew plank which one manufacturer is offering—though my feeling was that, despite its countrified look, it was much too beautiful to leave out in the rain.

With the many new shapes in garden furniture it seems that now we may sunbathe not only more elegantly but also more comfortably than in the old-fashioned deck-chair. And with water in our own back garden the ritual of sun-worship is complete.

The Gilliam pools shown opposite are installations by Landscape & Gardens (Wolverhampton) Ltd.



DURABLE enough to stand up to the weather, chairs like these provide comfort for moments out of the water. Left: The metal "Lacewing," in black and white, designed by Nigel Walters. Centre: Cane conical basket in

white willow (Conran Furniture, about £12 5s. 10d.). Right: Finnish model in rust-proofed metal with canvas seat (W. Steel & Co., about £6 2s. 6d.). Council of Industrial Design photographs. Prices minus P.T.

I've lived in the oddest places



When you take a house furnished
there's no knowing what surprises
may be waiting for you

by MICHAEL WHARTON

IN THE COURSE of a fairly wandering life, I have lived in many furnished houses, some of them ordinary enough, others less so.

There was a cottage, for instance, on the borders of Wales where the floors were so riddled with dry-rot that safety-lanes had to be chalked out for the guidance of visitors. At nightfall the neighbouring farmer, who kept a pet pig and had the reputation of practising witchcraft, would creep up to the house and bump softly against the window-panes like a huge moth.

There was a house in an industrial city where a condition of the lease was to look after a professor whose wife evidently found the task too much for her. He was probably the most bitterly sarcastic man I have ever known.

Once, at breakfast, my wife asked casually: "I suppose nobody knows the times of the trains to London?" The professor slowly laid down his knife and fork. "It would not be true," he began, "to say that *nobody* knows the times of the trains to London. It is probably true to say that *nobody in this room* knows the times of the trains to London. On the other hand. . ."

After a time we took to laying logical traps for him, making apparently meaningless statements to see how far he could be drawn. When he realized this, he grew offended, locked himself in his study and played chess against himself for hours on end, making a high-pitched buzzing noise at every move.

But the strangest furnished house I have ever lived in was in a wood in Devonshire. The owner, an independent-minded wood-carver, had built the house to his own design, and largely with his own hands. He had begun with a simple wooden hut containing a ferocious black coke-stove which became red-hot if not closely supervised. Round this nucleus he had gradually gathered a low rambling structure of brick and plaster, shored up at intervals with stout beams and roofed with Dutch tiles and petrol tins hammered flat.

This home-made, or rather home-grown house, which the man had accreted round himself like a wasp's nest or spider's web,

NEXT WEEK :

B. A. Young

made such an impression on me that sometimes I still have dreams about it. Then imagination, working on memories distorted by the years, brings back this vivid picture of the place's unusual features, as the house-agents would describe them.

The bathroom was particularly odd. Added as an afterthought, it was at right-angles to the back door, which in fact did duty, when moved through an angle of 90 degrees, as the bathroom door as well. You had the choice of taking your bath in full view of passers-by or leaving the house open to the entry of a tame sheep which the owner had hired some years before to keep his paddock-grass cropped. This sheep had a

passion for chocolate biscuits and would wreck anything in its path to get at its favourite delicacy.

Part of the sitting-room was taken up by a huge water-softening plant, as formidable-looking and as complicated as a miniature blast-furnace or steel rolling mill. This machine, according to the instructions, had to be fed constantly with salt, which it deposited in the form of curiously beautiful crystals on the clothes of anyone who happened to lean against it. It had no noticeable effect on the water itself.

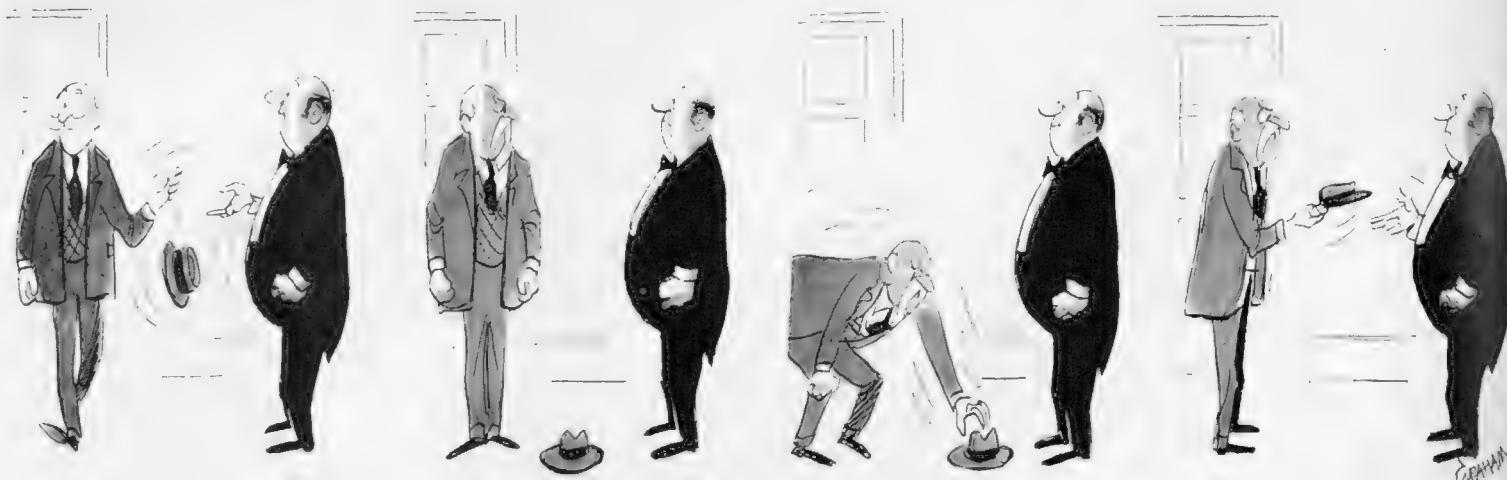
There were two other remarkable features. One was a half-wild ginger cat, a lean, muscular animal which lived most of the time in the woods, but had a habit of suddenly leaping with a fierce squawk from a shady corner on to your back, or occasionally on to the back of the chocolate-loving sheep.

The other thing was the electrical system. There were two electrical points only: one for light and one for power, both in the central hut. From these points, wires were led all over the house. Frayed flexes could be seen everywhere, snaking through the walls or poking out loops and coils through holes in the plaster; live terminals hung down in suitable places over tables or beds. At night we each carried several electric bulbs round with us and plugged them in as required.

Red DANGER signs, hand-painted by the owner in Celtic script, with coloured borders of harps and flowers, studded the walls at intervals. They were hardly necessary, since the whole place was full of a sense of lurking danger. Some parts of it were virtually unapproachable, particularly the library, a couple of rough-hewn shelves containing an 1885 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, some old books on dental mechanics and a volume of memoirs called *Musings of a Scottish Granny*.

"Goodbye now. It's all yours," the owner said cheerily, as he pedalled off to the station on his bicycle on the first stage of a tour to Australia. He hoped, with characteristic optimism, to sell wood-carvings to the connoisseurs and dilettanti of that country.

So for the next six months it was all ours. Careful to follow the warnings, we got on surprisingly well. There were moments, of course, when we wished we lived in a more



BRIGGS

by **Graham**

conventional sort of house, built by ordinary unimaginative professional builders. There was the night when we came home from a party and found the sheep eating chocolate biscuits under the bed. There was the time when we got back from a weekend visit to find that the water-softener had secreted an enormous crystal which had come in contact with the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and short-circuited the whole electrical system. There was the time when the roof came off.

But it was on the very last day that we met disaster. We had packed up our belongings and were ready to go. The owner was

due back that evening and had sent us a picture postcard saying how much he was looking forward to being back in his cosy little home. It seemed we had nothing more to fear.

My wife was taking a bath and I was carrying a tray of breakfast things into the sitting-room. Since the bathroom door was shut, the back door was of course open, and the sheep, perhaps sensing that its supply of chocolate biscuits was about to be cut off, had rushed in for a last desperate foray.

It ran, bleating loudly, between my legs. I dropped the tray with a crash and staggered forward. My foot caught in one of the outlet

pipes of the water-softener, I flung my hand out to save myself and plunged straight into the electrically charged bookshelves. And at that moment the ginger cat leaped through the open window on to my head, took the full force of the current and with a howl of rage ran straight up the wall, simultaneously short-circuiting the entire electrical system and causing fire to break out in a dozen places.

By the time the owner arrived (he had made a mistake about the trains) the house was well alight. He took it quite philosophically.

"I can always build another one," he said.



*It's an old
(well, fairly old)
English custom*

The scene is like a bandstand in the park. The crowd presses and stares. The dress is informal. And the musicians, surrounded by streamers thrown in the enthusiasm, play on regardless—even though they include two such virtuosos as Sir Malcolm Sargent (conducting) and Benno Moiseiwitsch (at the piano). This is a Promenade Concert, the first in the 64th annual series founded at the Queen's Hall (since destroyed) by Sir Henry Wood, and now held at the Albert Hall. It is a scene only to be seen in England.



Mrs. Stewart tends the vine. Not pruned for years when she moved in, the bark had to be scraped for two weeks with a razor blade. Right: The living-room. Paintings in this room include Modigliani, Klee, and Picasso



Above: The hall. The bust is of Mr. Stewart by Robert Clatworthy, who exhibited in the last Holland Park exhibition. The walls are terra cotta. Left: The garden and the back of the house. The pet monkey perches on a piece of sculpture

Modern art in an historic house

AN AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT
SETTLES IN HAMPSTEAD

THE Frognaal house where onetime Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald lived from 1925 to 1937 is now the home of the American writer Donald Ogden Stewart, whose play *The Kidder* was recently running in the West End. Another, *Honour Bright* (a French play which he adapted), was presented at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and will be on TV next month. Mr. Stewart and his Australian wife moved into the house a few years ago and have transformed it. It is a 200-year-old Regency building with creepers and flowering shrubs lining the front door and the iron front gate, and a 45-year-old vine in the conservatory. The vine bears blue grapes, and there is also a passion vine presented by Katharine Hepburn, for whom Mr. Stewart wrote several Hollywood successes, including *Philadelphia Story*. She is enthusiastic about the house and brought along Oliver Messel and James Baillie to mix colours to fill in some of the chips and cracks.

Mrs. Stewart had the outside of the house painted in pale pink and white, and rearranged the garden, which she has ornamented with sculpture, including a life-size *Horse & Rider* by Marino Marini and a bronze *Girl with Dove* by Germaine Richier. Inside, the house teems with sculpture and paintings, ranging from ancient bronze Egyptian cats to Picasso and Paul Klee. Klee is Mrs. Stewart's passion and her bedroom has a corner of his paintings "where I can see him when I wake up." She also has a collection of Chagall etchings, hung on the staircase. One small room houses a collection of English Staffordshire and Chelsea porcelain. This belongs to the British High Commissioner to India, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, for whom it is kept during his absence.

The Stewart household is also notable for its pets. These include a monkey, a tortoise, poodles and cats. Bought originally to amuse the Italian peasant girl who house-keeps, they are now as much a part of the attractions as the works of art.



Donald Ogden Stewart (with pet tortoise). His screenplays include *Edward, My Son*, and *The Barretts Of Wimpole Street*. Below: Ramsay MacDonald's former study, now the Stewarts' library



PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BARRY SWAEBE

ARCHITECTURAL COMMENTARY

No. 10 DOWNING STREET

is it worth the expense of salvaging?

by KENNETH J. ROBINSON



Nobody ever slams the front door at Number Ten Downing Street. At last we know the reason why. The floors are sagging, the roof is rotting and the walls (which never had any foundations) are cracking. In fact, like many old houses, it is coming to resemble (to quote John Summerson) a divorced wife: it is a constant nag upon the conscience, visibly deteriorating and very expensive to maintain. There the analogy ends. Unlike the harassed ex-husband, the Minister of Works is going to stop the excessive maintenance costs (£8,000 a year). Instead, he intends to spend no less than £400,000, as estimated by a preservation committee, to restore order and beauty at No. 10 and next door.

How will it be done? The Minister of

Works has not insisted on the actual embalming of Number Ten. But he *has* taken the precaution of choosing an architect who delights in being more than 100 years out of step with architectural thought. This architect, Raymond Erith, has been cynically described as Top Academician, because his exquisitely-drawn classical detailing has for years been a highlight of the Royal Academy's summer frolic. Even if you deplore mock-period architecture you would forgive Mr. Erith for his faithful period pieces.

But why give him Number Ten to play with? No doubt the Minister has some notion about making the building fit for prime ministers to live in. In which case, why not build a workable modern building around the few good things (the State rooms, Cabinet room, Soane room) that lie behind the dismal façade?

That question is, of course, blasphemous. By asking it I have taken a swipe at our Priceless Heritage, not to mention the Foundations of our National character. To many people you simply cannot talk of modernizing a historic building. However shoddy the edifice, it must be propped up for ever if Nell Gwynn is said to have spent a weekend in it, or if—as in this case—it is a backcloth for battles and budgets. And shoddy is certainly the word for Number Ten. It was put up 250 years ago by a man who has been described by Sir Winston Churchill as “a profiteering contractor.”

But the suggestion of modernizing will make a lot of people mutter about loss of dignity in Downing Street. This business of lost dignity is a menace to the growth of our towns. There is a popular misconception that the old is always dignified, and that the new, to be dignified, must look old. So up stay the mouldering spec-built houses of the 18th century, and up go the new classical façades—sometimes even to hide boffins working on the beginnings of the 21st century. (Hawker Aircraft, for instance, are about to retreat into a tragi-comical parody of a royal residence at Kingston-on-Thames.)

Fear comes into it. As Sir Hugh Casson has pointed out, people are always saying, “What a *pity* they’re going to build there”—never, “I wonder *what* they’re going to build there.” The fear is often justified. Even the enthusiast for good modern architecture must agree that there doesn’t seem enough of it to go round. But often the fear of *dull* architecture is also the cause of it. You will find a good recent example in Oxford. When the Clarendon Hotel was pulled down, the

Corn Market lost a “building of character.” It should have been replaced by a fine modern building, but by the time everyone concerned had panicked it was clear that the replacement (for Woolworths) would be deadly dull. And it *is* dull, even though its façade was designed by Sir William Holford.

If a good architect can appear so inhibited by a slightly awesome task, what would happen to somebody mediocre? It is all very well for an architect like Max Fry to say that we ought to pull down the Nash terraces and rebuild. It is unlikely that a man of Max Fry’s calibre would be given the job; so though some of us might agree with him we vote nervously for the preservation of Mr. Nash. This country—with its tradition-crazy committees—is so anxious to do the decent thing that it constantly gets confused and does the opposite.

We ought to be clear in our minds what is worth preserving. Is it worth keeping a building because history was made in it? Only if it was a really spectacular bit of history. And even then, if the building is in the way it can be removed—like Henry VIII’s wine cellars in Whitehall—to another site. Buildings should be preserved only because of their architectural value. And I do not mean solely because of their merits as individual pieces of architecture. It is sometimes important to preserve even a Victorian curiosity because it looks well in the street scene. And sometimes it is worth keeping a building for the fun of using it as a foil to modern architecture. (See the picture of the pub among the Pimlico flats.)

As for No. 10, well, it is no use worrying. If there is a choice between shutting our prime minister away in a fusty case that represents our Glorious Past, or giving him an efficient building that makes use of modern materials, techniques and thoughts, then there is no doubt what the choice will be. We are a self-conscious nation; we know a good gimmick when we see one, and the Homely Look of Number Ten is not something we could lightly destroy—certainly not in the interests of anything so irrelevant as good modern architecture.

Lay interest in the look of buildings has never been so high. When architecture makes news, Kenneth J. Robinson will comment for The Tatler



THROWBACK style of design favoured by Raymond Erith is shown by these houses of his (*above*) in Aubrey Walk, near Notting Hill Gate. *Below*: Preservation for fun. An old pub incorporated into Powell & Moya’s Pimlico housing estate





THE
TATLER

At the waterside

down by the river
(this page) and on
the Isle of Wight
(overleaf)



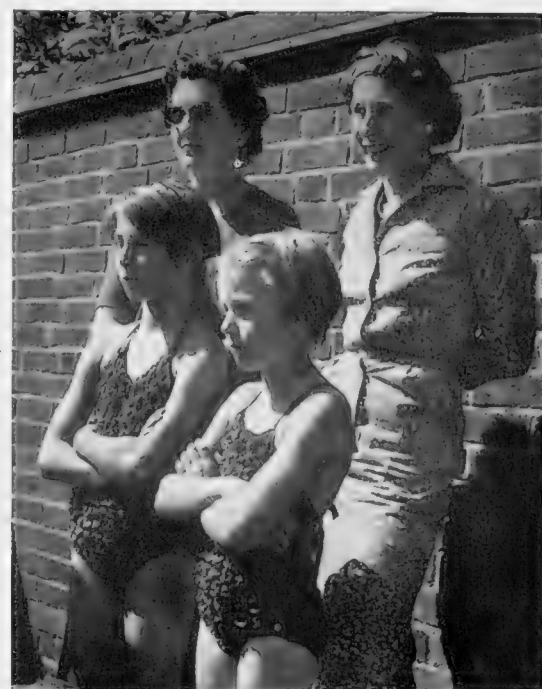
Caroline Fowke, daughter of Lt.-Col. G. G. Fowke, Welsh Guards, in an obstacle race



Felice and Richard Watkins, the children of Mr. Anthony Watkins



Charlotte and David Shepley-Cuthbert, children of Mrs. Charles Shepley-Cuthbert. Events were graded according to age



Carole and Clare Sweeting with Mrs. Robert Steele and Mrs. Sweeting, wife of Lt.-Col. Kennett Sweeting (2nd Bn. Coldstream)

The start of a race for the older girls was watched by parents and other competitors. The starter is Viscount Goschen

Desmond O'Neill

August is the children's month, a time of sunshine and splashing with whole days spent within a beach-ball's throw of the water. Some of the young folk having fun in this holiday month are shown in these pictures from the children's regatta of the Guards Boat Club at Maidenhead and (next page) from the seaside resort of Bembridge, Isle of Wight





Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Guise with their sons Richard & Stephen. They brought the boats down from Walton-on-Thames. Mr. Guise is an architect

On the beach

August is the big month
weekend it holds its
the little town is filled

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BETTY SYMONDS



Richard Jessel, son of Mr. & Mrs. David Jessel and grandson of the Hon. Oliver FitzRoy, R.N., digs a canal with the Hon. Felicity Samuel. She is the daughter of Lord & Lady Bearsted

Mr. Struan Robertson, Mr. Sam Simonds and Miss Jane Samuelson on the way to their boat with equipment packed up in their sail bag



The Hon. Camilla Samuel, another daughter of Lord & Lady Bearsted. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. James Allason in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

Commander P. Thornycroft and his son Hamo getting their boat ready. Bembridge is on the eastern tip of the island, facing Portsmouth

Caroline Wheatley-Hubbards Mrs. R. Wheatley-Hubbards Smith, daughter of Mr.



at Bembridge

for Bembridge, Isle of Wight. This
 tionable two-day sailing meeting. Already
 up with visitors, as these pictures show



Victoria, Kim & Melissa Richardson outside their beach chalet. They are the children of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Richardson, and live in Sussex



earsted, shows a crab to
 no live in an historic house



Sons of the Tories' new Chief Whip in the House of Lords, Earl St. Aldwyn: Viscount Quenington and his brothers, the Hon. David & the Hon. Peter Hicks-Beach, with craft of various sizes

daughter of Mr. &
 and Tessa Straker-
 W. Straker-Smith

Lady Marguerite Chetwynd-Talbot & Viscount Ingestre. They are the children of the Earl & Countess of Shrewsbury

M. Gerrard de Matteis from Paris, Miss Cecilia Engel from Sweden, Miss Zandra Mellor and Mrs. Michael Wood. Miss Mellor and Mrs. Wood sail Redwings



THEATRE

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

The revamped widow is still fun



Above: Anna Glavari (June Bronhill), a decidedly merry widow, listens in a melting mood to the singing of a debonair Count Danilo Danilovitch (Thomas Round). Right: Baron Misko Zeta (Howell Glynne) keeps the comedy moving in the intervals between the romantic songs and the Ruritanian love-making

It looks as if the only Edwardian musical comedy likely to survive will be *The Merry Widow*. This is not surprising. The piece has much more to offer than glamorous memories of its own astonishingly complete conquest of the town 50 years ago. It seems to have stored up in itself some lasting essence of a gaiety peculiar to the period that no other contemporary success can any longer begin to communicate.

As we listen at the Coliseum to the lightly sensuous, insinuating melodies of Franz Lehár we can still believe, however young we are, that this special period gaiety is still open to our enjoyment. Spontaneously there rises in us the Edwardian urge to dance the dreamy, swaying waltz and to hum the Vilia song. But I suppose that it is not as musical comedy that *The Merry Widow* will ultimately be revived but as musical operetta. The present revival by the Sadler's Wells Opera Company is a good long step in that direction. Mr. Christopher Hassall's new version of the libretto still leaves the comedians plenty of scope for their conventional antics, but I can foresee productions which will curb them still more severely and appeal directly to audiences relishing romance and melody for their own sake.

The almost inevitable metamorphosis will be in fact a return to nature. *Die Lustige Witwe* had been played at some 450 European theatres as a romantic light opera before London discovered its virtues. George Edwardes was with difficulty persuaded to venture a beggarly £1,000 upon it with the idea that a six weeks' run would suffice. When the piece took £250,000 at Daly's in two years the "Guv'nor" got rather more than he was entitled to get from a lapse of his usually shrewd judgment. And when Lehár came to London for the rehearsals he was dismayed by his non-singing hero and by the quantity of the comic fooling regarded as an indispensable requirement in a London production. He complained that the changes were ruining his "beautiful operetta." But here at least George Edwardes's judgment was sound. No small part of the success at Daly's was due to the funny men, especially to George Graves as the grotesque Baron Popoff with his elaborately worked out ruminations on Hetty the Hen. Lehár no doubt was consoled by the enormous royalties that came his way, but even such consolations are apt to rankle with artists and, true artist as he was, Lehár is going in the future, I fancy, to have his spiritual revenge on the funny men who, to his profit but also to his chagrin, distorted his "beautiful operetta."

No pains have been spared in this revival to cast and stage the piece so as to preserve

both the music and the comedy. Mr. Charles Hickman is a producer who is experienced in musical comedy and he sees to it that an English audience shall find plenty to laugh at in the intervals between the romantic songs and the inconsequent love-making proper to an Edwardian notion of Ruritanian existence. But he is also careful not to overdo the buffoonery. The evening, on the whole, is romantic rather than comic. Light-hearted romantic nonsense is set dancing with beguiling and often quite enchanting brightness.

The hope behind making an operetta of this musical comedy is that it will be better sung and better played by the orchestra than it was in the old days. Certainly the orchestra under Mr. Alexander Gibson's light touch extracts all that there is to be got from a score which is beautiful of its kind, and Mr. Thomas Round sings and acts with a newly-found freedom that sets the plot spinning round his debonair Danilo. It was said of Lily Elsie's Widow that she was everything—gently appealing, charming, a little strange and remote, delightful—except merry. Miss June Bronhill is decidedly merry, but neither her speaking nor her singing voice can be described as melting and one or two of the more melting songs suffer a little in consequence. But her easy vivaciousness is one of the production's charms. Mr. Howell Glynne wisely ignores the George Graves tradition and cuts an effective Baron to his own comic measurements. Miss Marion Lowe is equally at home in the tuneful music of Valencienne and the toneless patter of Gogo, and there are some neat character sketches by Mr. Denis Dowling and Mr. John Kentish.



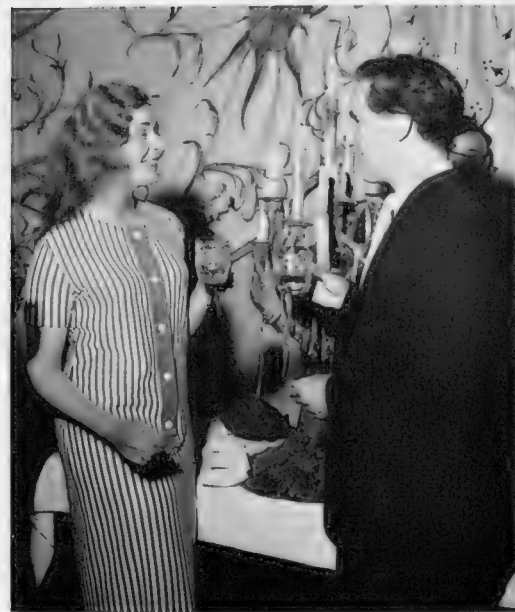
Agatha Christie in town

ALL UNDER SUSPICION in *The Unexpected Guest*, a new "whodunit" by Agatha Christie, which opened at the Duchess Theatre yesterday. Nigel Stock (in background, with Violet Farebrother) plays a fog-bound motorist who finds a corpse in a country house in Wales. Also in the picture (l. to r.): Christopher Sandford, Winifred Ough, Philip Newman, Renee Anderson and Paul Curran



John Bretton

Oxford undergraduates at Stratford



Peter Espe

ALL FOR LOVE, by John Dryden, was the play with which the Oxford University Dramatic Society started an open-air festival at Stratford-on-Avon. Afterwards a candlelight party was given in the Roundhouse. Left: Miss Sue Sheffield, Mr. Michael Redgrave, Mrs. Mark Dignam and her

daughter, six-year-old Rebecca Dignam (*Agrippina* in the O.U.D.S. play). Centre: Mr. John Higgs, a don at Exeter College and manager of the festival, with Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, producer at the Memorial Theatre. Right: Mr. Tom Phillips (*St. Catherine's*) with Miss Gillian Thomas

Smile with Smilby



RECORDS

by GERALD LASCELLES

The giants of Jazz

I REFER so often to the great masters of jazz that I feel I should write more fully about them. To begin with, jazz did not just suddenly happen—it arose from the conglomeration of musical ideas expressed by Negroes throughout the United States over a period of many years. No one person, style or place can claim the honour of being the first in jazz, though several individuals have made such claims in the past.

The earliest influences were, on the one hand, the brass bandmen of street-parade fame, and on the other the blues singers and pianists from the clubs and bordellos. From these sources many names have survived, some only legendary, others in substance from the earliest jazz recordings made around 1920. No one with an eye to history would deny the existence of Buddy Bolden, the first trumpet "king," or his successors, Freddie Keppard and Joe "King" Oliver. The latter must rank as a major influence, if one accepts Louis Armstrong as a giant, for it was Oliver who singled out Louis to come and blow with him in Chicago when he took his band north from New Orleans. Satchmo himself, who unwittingly usurped the position of king from his former employer when Oliver sickened in later life, admits that Joe gave him his biggest break, and taught him most of what he knew when he branched out on his own.

What impresses me most about the surviving players from those early days is the warmth of their performances and the strength of their characters. There was no superficial charm, but an undying reverence

for their music and the wish to make people happy who listened to it. The fact that they almost always succeeded is surely a testimony to their work.

Of the historical giants, none can rate higher than the fabulous Bessie Smith, the original queen of the blues, from whose style almost every living blues-singer has borrowed some part of his or her own performance. No one has contributed greater feeling and interpretation than Bessie Smith, and no one has been more consistently successful in conveying that feeling into the most primitive early records.

No less significant is the pioneer work of "Jelly Roll" Morton, one of the most colourful characters in jazz. His piano playing set a standard in the sporting houses, and he successfully assembled recording bands of the greatest interest—notably his Red Hot Peppers. Equal in stature were two brothers, clarinettist Johnny Dodds and drummer Baby Dodds, both of whom played with Armstrong and Morton at various times. Few people would deny that the pattern for clarinet jazz was set by Johnny, who can



Eddie Falkiner, 20-year-old elder son of Sir Terence Falkiner, Bt., has formed a jazz group called the "Easy Riders" at King's Thorne, Herefordshire, where he lives

claim Benny Goodman as an admirer.

I cannot hope to mention all the giants in one article. I want to pursue this topic in future weeks, coupling their names with L.P. recordings of the old masters. I would also draw attention to a recent book by a collection of American authors, *The Jazz Makers* (Peter Davies, 25s.), which I found both enthralling and remarkably accurate in its critical digest of so many of these personalities.

SUGGESTIONS FOR LISTENING

THE BESSIE SMITH STORY—4 VOLS. Philips BBL7019, 7020, 7042, 7049.

THE LOUIS ARMSTRONG STORY—4 VOLS. Philips BBL7134, 7189, 7202, 7218.

JOE KING OLIVER. London AL3504, 3509. Philips BBL7181.

JOHNNY DODDS—3 VOLS. London AL3505, 3513, 3555.

JELLY ROLL MORTON. H.M.V. DLP1044, 1071 (N.B. These two will be deleted at the end of the year.)

CINEMA

In a graveyard (with good taste buried)

by ELSPETH GRANT

AS AN INDUCEMENT to see *Macabre*—and goodness knows some really alluring inducement is called for—its makers guarantee to pay 1,000 dollars if you should die of fright during the performance: the money would go to a beneficiary named by you—to help compensate him or her for the loss of your charming company. The trouble is that, though the advertisements promise “You’ll SCREAM with terror at this shocking story by 12 world-famous mystery authors!”, the film is too silly even to startle and I think it can safely be assumed that nobody is going to benefit from anybody’s having seen it: no compensation is offered for death from vexation or boredom.

On the day when his sister-in-law is to be buried at midnight (don’t ask me why), a small town doctor, Mr. William Prince, comes home to find his little daughter missing and her nurse, Miss Jacqueline Scott, distraught: a strange voice on the telephone has left word that the child “is with the dead”—though she is likely to survive for a few hours before actually becoming one of them.

This is taken to mean that she has been buried alive in a nice roomy coffin: “There are three or four people in this town who’d be capable of doing such a thing,” says her father, thoughtfully and without surprise. He and the nurse, armed with spades, repair to the graveyard as darkness falls and the mist rises; they spend a fruitless evening in unauthorized digging—with many a whispered “What was that?” and “I heard nothing!” to show how eerie it all is.

The doctor’s father-in-law having, in an off-handed sort of way, brained the custodian of the cemetery joins the searchers. As played by Mr. Philip Tonge, he is decrepit but not dense: “Why must I look for my grandchild’s body in my daughter’s grave?” he asks, rather crossly. It is a good question. A visit to the undertaker’s and a return trip to the gloomy graveyard supply the answer: because either the doctor or those twelve mystery authors had seen *Les Diaboliques* and assumed that audiences will swallow any sort of rubbishy story with relish, providing some screen character is shocked into heart-failure in the last reel.

Directed ham-handedly by Mr. William Castle and acted hammily by a cast of unfortunates who probably never in their wildest nightmares have had worse dialogue to contend with, *Macabre* is a paltry little piece—falling so short of its horror target that it scarcely deserves the “X” Certificate it proudly flourishes.

There is no life insurance attached to *The Fly*: you see it at your own risk—and without any encouragement from me. This is another “X” Certificate job—an elaborate work of pseudo-science fiction, produced and directed by Mr. Kurt Neumann as if in all seriousness. It opens encouragingly

with a young scientist, Mr. Al Hedison, being crushed to death in a huge hydraulic press operated by his wife, Miss Patricia Owens.

His brother, Mr. Vincent Price, and the police, represented by Mr. Herbert Marshall, want to know the reason for this distressing end to what had appeared to be a happy marriage. Miss Owens admits that she killed her husband but denies that she murdered him: she merely assisted him in committing suicide. Mr. Price, observing that this is not going down at all well with Mr. Marshall, says gently that perhaps she had better tell them the whole story—and she does. Come the flashbacks.

Mr. Hedison, working in a laboratory jam-packed with all manner of fascinating equipment, has discovered (I kid you not) “a means of reducing solids into their atoms

This week’s films

MACABRE (Paris-Pullman) Philip Tonge, William Prince

THE FLY (Rialto) Al Hedison, Herbert Marshall and Patricia Owens

and transmitting them through space into a receptor which reassembled them into the original form.” His experiments with inanimate objects are so successful that he decides to try disintegrating and re-integrating a darling little puss-cat. The poor thing once dematerialized vanishes for ever—becomes a mere “miaou” in the void, or, as Mr. Hedison puts it, “a stream of cat atoms in space.”

Only slightly daunted by this mishap, Mr. Hedison presses on with the more traditional guinea-pigs and the results are so satisfactory that eventually he resolves to subject himself to the process, and transmit himself from one end of the laboratory to the other. Unfortunately he does not notice that there is a fly in the disintegrator chamber with him. Their atoms become all mixed up in transit so



JANETTE SCOTT, 19, is making Shaw’s *The Devil’s Disciple* with Sir Laurence Olivier, Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas

that on arrival in the receptor, the man is part fly and the fly part man.

As the fly, wearing a hideous little human head, escapes from the room, the scientist, in the monstrous mask of a giant fly, knows there is no hope of his repeating the experiment on the off chance that the muddled atoms might sort themselves out. There is nothing for him but to die: this is where Miss Owens, the hydraulic press and we came in.

Mr. Marshall listens to this yarn with justified disbelief: as far as he’s concerned, Miss Owens will have to think up something better or face a charge of murder. Mr. Price, who is quite attached to the girl, admits that the whole thing sounds fantastic but doesn’t feel that Miss Owens would wittingly tell a lie: his theory seems to be that she’s gone slightly dotty. Conceding that it’s possible, Mr. Marshall summons an ambulance to whisk Miss Owens into custody.

At this desperate moment her little son, Master Charles Herbert, announces that he has seen ever such a funny fly in the garden. The hands knotting the strings on the strait-jacket are stayed—and Messrs. Price and Marshall plunge forth to investigate. Faint squeaks of “Help me! Help me!” are heard—and there, trapped in a spider’s web with a spider advancing menacingly, is the fly with the head of a man. Mr. Marshall kills both the beastly things with a well-aimed rock—and that’s an end of the whole unedifying business.

It baffles me that anybody would voluntarily choose to see a film of this kind—but so much care and money have been lavished on the production that Hollywood is obviously counting on a large and enthusiastic audience for it. My advice to persons of average sensibility is—stay away in your thousands.



BARBARA MURRAY is a children’s welfare officer in *A Cry From The Streets*. With her here is Max Bygraves



Brodrick Haldane

Earl's sister is an author

LADY FLAVIA ANDERSON, sister of the Earl of Halsbury, and author of *How to be a deb's Mum*, is working on a new book, *The Rebel Emperor*, for publication in the autumn. The picture shows her in her Edinburgh home

how they get started. What emerges clearly is that there is probably no such thing as the "natural" writer, a blessed innocent putting words on paper as naturally as breathing. These characters are all as sophisticated and conscious craftsmen as you could find, obsessed as alchemists, at the same time vain and humble, endlessly analytic, alarmingly clever.

Astonishing facts emerge. Dorothy Parker reads *Vanity Fair* about a dozen times each year. Simenon has a medical check before starting a novel to make sure he is in good enough shape to last the necessary 11 days; and was endlessly cross-examined by Gide about the mechanics of his writing. A psychiatric study-clinic pronounced that the 12-year-old Truman Capote, believed at school to be "subnormal," had the I.Q. of a genius. Harold Ross, the perplexed, deeply pure late editor of *The New Yorker*, asked memorably of Thurber's historic woman-on-top-of-the-bookcase cartoon, "What's she doing up there naked in the home of her husband's second wife?"

Between the ages of six and ten E. M. Forster wrote *Ear-rings Through The Keyhole* and *Scuffles In A Wardrobe*. Françoise Sagan (in the coolest, most elusive interview of the lot), was astonished by the imagination and fecundity of the reviews of *Bonjour Tristesse*. "They saw intentions I never had."

This is a gossipy, delicious book, and each interview ends too soon. In the best society it is not considered proper to talk shop, but *Writers At Work* proves what I have long believed—that conversation only really gets off the ground when people are actually encouraged to talk at length about their own trade. The best society, which must be a pretty dull place, just doesn't know what it is missing.

The Law, a Prix Goncourt novel by Roger Vailland (Cape, 15s.), is an alarming and remarkable novel about the people who live

BOOKS I AM READING

Surprise! Writers at work

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THE MOST entertaining, provoking, lively, unsolemn look of my week has been *Writers At Work* (Secker and Warburg, 21s.). It is a collection of the brilliant interviews with writers that appeared in the *Paris Review*. The editors were all young writers themselves, with more enthusiasm and courage than money, and the only way they had of hooking the big names into the magazine was to get them to talk, for free. The inexperienced but remarkably perceptive and tenacious interviewers were, to begin with, working without benefit of tape-recorders, and they stalked their quarry in pairs, "like the F.B.I.", scribbling desperately while their subject talked, and comparing drafts afterwards.

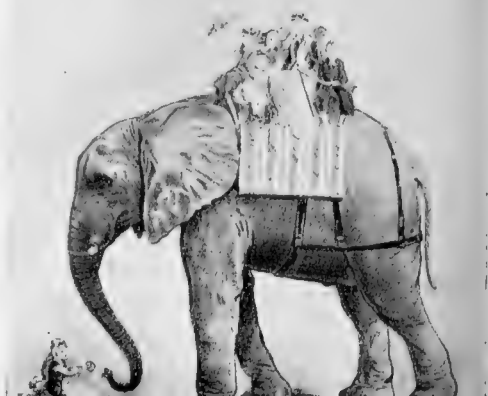
This being the age of the interview (it sometimes seems to me something of a miracle that the ordinary business of life goes on at all, with half the world constantly

conducting an interview with the other half), these records have an extraordinary freshness and appeal. Unlike profiles, there is no assessment, no summing-up, no oblique anonymous comment on personality—only a brief descriptive setting of the stage before the interview begins. The series starts with E. M. Forster, and takes in 16 writers including Thurber, Faulkner, Capote, Thornton Wilder, Angus Wilson, Mauriac and Cary.

All the subjects are fluent and fascinating, listing an irresistible amount of personal data—where they collect ideas, how long they think about a novel before starting to write,

ALL ABOUT ELEPHANTS is told in Richard Carrington's *Elephants* (Chatto & Windus, 25s.), including the upset when the London Zoo sold the famous Jumbo to the American showman P. T. Barnum

WHY PART WITH JUMBO.
(THE PET OF THE ZOO.)



in Manacore, a little port in Southern Italy. *The Law* itself is a café game of delicate savagery, in which the winners are entitled to insult and humiliate a victim—"For *The Law* to be agreeable, there had to be a victim, clearly designated, whom fate and the players could hound till he was exhausted; only thus did this poor man's game become as exciting as a hunt or a bullfight—still more exciting, the victim being a man." The Manacore community, officials, baby-gangsters, racketeers and tough, pretty girls who will turn into terrible old hags at 50, are controlled by poverty, intrigue, and the desperate urge to survive, and sex is about their only relatively cosy diversion. (If *The Law* could ever be filmed, which I doubt, there would be some interesting possibilities in casting, including Guiseppina, "the most brazen foolish virgin in Porto Manacore," who owed her figure to malaria.)

The Law is hard, brilliant, makes no moral judgments, juggles its precisely-observed characters from incident to incident as dryly as a master-player rattling dice. But it is not entirely without compassion. Much of it is ribald and brutally funny. It creates a genuine climate, it orders real life into the pattern of a real novel. It is the best, and in some ways the strangest, fiction I have read for a long time.

A Death In The Family (Gollancz, 16s.), by the late James Agee, American poet and script writer, is a gentle, rather formless novel about the death of the father of a small family in a car accident, and the effect on the people who loved him. Passages are moving, observant, and beautifully written, but I found some of the writing over-poetical in the manner that used to be called "experimental" and now somehow makes pretty heavy going. . . . John P. Marquand's *Life At Happy Knoll* (Collins, 10s. 6d.) is a frail little joke about an American country club furiously running to seed, cast in the form of letters and written with a sort of flagging irony. I started off happily but about half-way through you can actually feel the smile causing you physical agony to keep going. As an extended magazine-piece it might well have been fine. . . .

When Penelope Tremayne arrived in Cyprus to work with the Red Cross, the walls were painted with "*May Harding* (sic) *fall out of his helicopter*, and *Death to everyone*. Her book *Below The Tide* (Hutchinson, 16s.) is an honest, brave and warm-hearted account of a year spent in Cyprus at the height of the terrorist campaign. It is a compassionate and honourable book, vividly written without recourse to sensationalism, with an easy, modest style. . . . *Son Of Dust* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 16s.) is a reprint of a novel by H. F. M. Prescott, and while it is for me not in the same league as *The Man On A Donkey*, I nevertheless believe it is almost impossible for Miss Prescott to write any book unworthy of attention. This is a passionate, doomed love-story set in 11th-century Normandy immediately before the conquest of England. It is broody and black and grim, like a long spell inside a thundercloud, and the historical background seems to me far more interesting than the tormented foreground figures, but Miss Prescott's special and weird skill is to be able to wrap the air of another time, another place round you like a blanket until the last page.



Betty Swaabe

**Miss Huldine Beamish
to Mr. David Aykroyd**

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Richard Beamish, of Barnavara House, Glanmire, Co. Cork, and Melbury Road, Kensington. He is the son of Col. & Mrs. G. H. Aykroyd, of the Priory, Nun Monkton, Yorks. Miss Beamish is a débutante



Lenare

**Miss Myrna Baskervyle-Glegg
to Capt. David Brassey**

She is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Baskervyle-Glegg, of the Gateways, Chelsea, and Withington Hall, Chelford, Cheshire. He is the elder son of Col. the Hon. Bernard & Mrs. Brassey, of the Manor House, Apethorpe, Peterborough



Lenare

**Miss Catherine Sheilah Mitchell
to Mr. Arthur David Morse**

She is the elder daughter of the late Cdr. (E) E. D. Mitchell, D.S.O., R.N., & of Mrs. R. C. R. Cunningham, of Kensington Court, W.8. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Sydney Morse, of Chedgrave Manor, Loddon, Norfolk



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Alison Jean Horsfall
to Mr. Colin Leyland-Naylor**

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. C. Horsfall, of Sun Ridge, Haywards Heath, Sussex. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Leyland-Naylor, of Stone Cross, Lindfield, Sussex



Yevonde

**Miss Tamzin M. S. James
to Mr. John D'Arcy Tremlett**

She is the daughter of Mr. R. T. James, O.B.E., & Mrs. James, of Banacle Field, Brook, Godalming. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. W. D'A. Tremlett, of The Squares, Hartshill, Nuneaton



All dressed up for the grandstand

at British motor-racing's Grand Prix

WHEN the champions were practising for the British Grand Prix (organized at Silverstone by the *Daily Express*) the girls on these pages were there trying out some fashions for the grandstand. The clothes they wore are suitable for many kinds of motoring and sporting outings. To begin with, these jackets.

Opposite: Watching J. Pitcher in his Cooper car a practice run for the 500 c.c. race, the girls wear jackets from Simpson's, Piccadilly. *On the left:* a straight short jacket in tan suede with matching buttons (price: £41). It is worn over a high-necked jumper in cream Shetland wool and teamed with brown valry twill Daks Slinkies (prices: £3 18s. 6d. and £7 17s. 6d., respectively). To complete the outfit, Italian tan calf moccasins with a leather sole (price: 4 gns.) all from Simpsons. *On her right:* a three-quarter-length tweed jacket in tan and white hound's-tooth check. The cuffs can be turned back (as shown) to three-quarter-length sleeves (price: £18). Here it is worn with a tan poplin shirt with a buttoned-down collar (price: £4 10s.) and a straight Daks skirt in creamy lambswool (price: £6 16s. 6d.)—both from Simpsons.

This page: Talking to Stuart Lewis Evans, who also drove in the 500 c.c. race, she wears a superbly warm, three-quarter-length "bowline" jacket in camel-coloured wool, with ribbed knitting on the collar and pockets. It is seen with matching, tapered wool trousers and a camel-and-wool long-sleeved cardigan. Prices: 20 gns., 5 gns. and 4 gns. respectively—all from Jaeger, Regent Street, and most other branches.



Photographs by Michel Molinere



HOW DO YOU GO? These girls travelled to Silverstone in the Vauxhall Victor estate car, which seats four adults and two children, plus 22 cubic feet of luggage space. With fewer passengers the baggage space can be doubled. This car is exceptional value at £931 (inc. P.T.)

GIRLS AT THE GRAND PRIX *continued*

Casual — and distracting . . .



Left: During a respite from watching the screaming racing-cars, one of the girls has a drink with a friend. She wears an elegantly styled casual dress in leopard-printed jersey (it also comes in paisley). The hood can be turned down into a loose collar. Price: 7 gns. from Jaeger, London, and several other branches

Opposite: Leaning on his Maserati, American driver Carroll Shelby chats with the girls. One of them (nearest to him) wears a tan suede jacket with knitted ribbed sleeves, collar and back (price 13½ gns.) and a brown and white checked jersey skirt (price 7 gns.). The other girl has a peony leather jacket, elasticized at the bottom to give a bloused effect (price 28 gns.). Worn with it is a permanently pleated white Terylene skirt (price 8 gns.). These and the sunglasses are all from Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, S.W.1



GIRLS AT THE GRAND PRIX *continued*

... You never know whom you'll meet



Michel Molinare

The maestro himself comes in on the act, while his Vanwall is hurriedly checked by mechanics in the pits. Stirling Moss finds himself flanked by (*left*) a tan-suede jacket in a shirt style with saddle stitching, and (*right*) a suit in grey-and-white West of England Saxony, which is showerproof and belted. The suede jacket (price : 18 gns.) is worn with a flecked rust skirt in an Irish handwoven tweed (price : 6 gns.). The suit costs 21 gns. All from Aquascutum, Regent Street, W.1 and Bristol



A three-quarter-length jacket, ideal for watching motor racing or driving in an open sports car. From Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, it is in "Gannex" cloth, which means it is not only washable, but wind- and rain-proofed. The capacious pockets are perfect for holding your programme, or the odd headscarf (price 9 gns.). Worn with worsted pants, in a "Hunting Brodie" tartan, tailored by Lillywhites (8 gns.)



An attractive heavy-knit white cardigan over a royal-blue classic wool-and-cotton shirt (in other colours, too), and a pair of beautifully-cut pants in black-and-white Prince of Wales check wool. (They also come in tartan and various colour combinations in a hound's-tooth check.) The cardigan, 6½ gns., the pants 5½ gns. (Jaeger, London, &c.); the shirt, £3 9s. 6d. (only from Jaeger's main provincial stores)

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Make yours country style



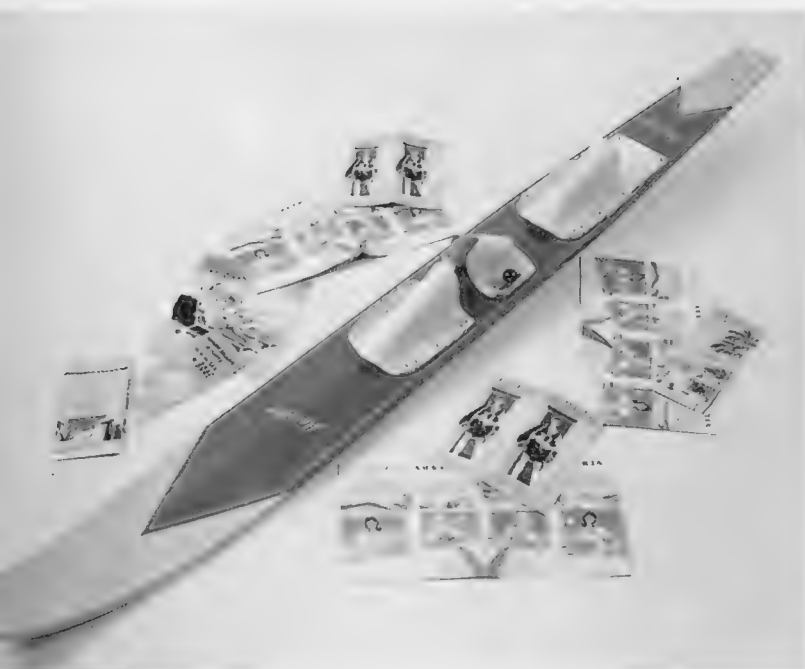
TAKE a camel-hair coat, a gay skirt and jumper and you are safe for the bleakest of country weather, and smart at the same time. Those shown here are chosen from a store that specializes in such clothes—Burberry's, Haymarket, S.W....

Opposite: Marvellously warm, yet light, a loose coat in 100 per cent camel-hair, lined with "Morning Haze" plaid in a moss-green and light tobacco wool. Price: 30 gns. The lining is exactly matched to the wrap-round straight skirt with its fringed vertical edge. (Price: 8½ gns.) The hogskin gloves are by Pullman.

Left: To tone in with the skirt, a green V-necked jumper in pure cashmere. It has the shorter length. Price: 6½ gns.

Photographs by
Peter Alexander





Left: For Slalom-type water-skiing this water-ski is fitted with rubber bindings for both feet (£9 19s. 9d.). From Lillywhites, like all the items shown on this page



Right: This compact Badminton set has four racquets, one pair of jointed posts, three shuttlecocks and a 20-in. net (£7 4s.0d.)

SHOPPING

For summer out of doors

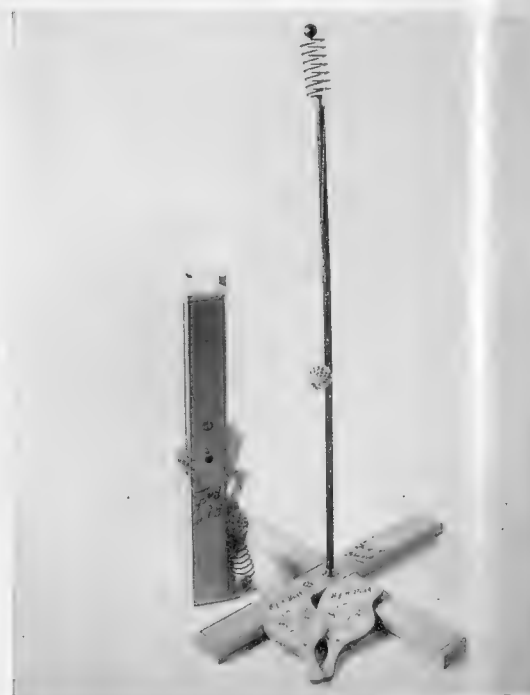
by JEAN STEELE



Left: This two-seater canoe of rubberized fabric inflates with the box bellows, and stows away in the kitbag (£24)

Right: "Bif-'n-Bash" is a new game for testing agility. It can be played solo or by two players (£3 12s. 6d.)

CORRECTION: The ironing-board shown with the Sunbeam Ironmaster in the July 30 issue was incorrectly credited to Sunbeam too. It is the Sit At Ironing Table



Right: The "Asta-Bella" chair-bed can be used for lying full-length, or with one side raised, as a chair. It has a foam rubber mattress and rubber springs (9 gns.)

BEAUTY

Silicones make a sea-tan

by JEAN CLELAND

HAVING ARRIVED home in a cloud-burst following on sweltering heat the day before, I find it difficult to know what aspect of beauty to discuss! Maintenance of good looks in rain or in sun? Which shall I be?

Uncertain though we may feel about the weather, the cosmetic firms are always optimistic. Summer preparations continue to roll in, and no doubt those who still have holidays to come will like to hear of them.

Among the recent ones is a new "sun screen" from Lenthéric called Tweed Tan. Tweed scent, bath luxuries, and beauty preparations are already well known and popular, and anything coming along from this house is sure to be sought after. I have tried this sun screen and like it. It is a cool, transparent and non-oily spray. It has an ultra-violet screen to protect the skin from injurious rays, it is insect repellent, and it does not stain clothes. The pack (see this page), is in attractive brown and gold colouring.

Gala offers "Two ways to tan without tears." First, a new protective spray called Bronze Touch. Those who are hoping to bathe may like to try it. Made with silicones, it creates a waterproof film to make the tanning effect last even when in the sea. Gala advise using it before sunning, and if the skin is sensitive, again after bathing. Their second new product is a Golden Tan moisturizing lotion, which comes in a lightweight squeeze bottle. This lotion also screens off the burning rays, and as well as encouraging a healthy tan replaces the skin moisture that the sun has dried out.

Many people complain that they find it difficult to keep their skin soft and supple during the summer. The sun makes it feel dry and papery, and encourages little lines and wrinkles. A new semi-liquid cream called Emollia has just been produced by Cyclax, which should be very useful for counteracting these troubles. Richly nourishing, it is also light and extremely soft, which makes it easy to apply and quickly absorbed into the skin. It can be used not only at night, but again in the morning before making up, to give extra nourishment during the day. Emollia has attractive white packaging with gold and purple lettering.

The latest of Lenthéric's Tweed family, a sun screen which is also insect repellent. It is applied as a spray, and will not stain the clothes



Goya has come out with something gay in a new shade of lipstick called Island Red. This was inspired by the brilliant flower colours in the background of the film *Virgin Island*. In order to capture the warm glowing red, poinsettias and other flowers were flown over from which to copy, and the result is a vibrant shade which is lovely. Island Red can be had in theatre case, golden case, and swivel stick.

Pond's have made a welcome contribution in bringing out a middle-sized lipstick. Up to now they have had nothing between the large and the small. Now comes a new one, which, just between the two, is excellent value for only 3s. 6d. Young people in particular will welcome this, and will, I think, like the new tint, Red Fuchsia, which tones in well with most colours.

Another piece of good news for the young is that of Hudnut's New Style perm incorporating the shampoo fresh method. Quite a number of young girls find a salon perm strains their resources, and while they may save for one occasionally, they economize by doing others for themselves at home. Two things that have worried some are the time a perm takes, and the smell it leaves. The New Style solves both these difficulties. A lot of time can be saved because there is no need to shampoo the hair before starting the perm. The crystal-clear waving lotion is so penetrating that a pre-shampoo is unnecessary, and you can get down to the actual perming straight away. When everything is finished, the hair is soft, with a nice sheen, and smells beautifully fresh.

Turning to another kind of hair problem, I am glad to be able to tell you of a new and effective hair-removing cream which can be used on the face or on the body. It is particularly welcome at this time of year for several reasons. It provides a quick and simple way of grooming the legs, leaving them completely smooth for those who like to go stockingless while away on holiday. It is inexpensive, an important consideration when it comes to using it on a wide area such as the legs. It has a pleasant fragrance, and it is in a neat tube that can easily be carried in a bag, or packed in a case, without risk of spilling. This cream is introduced by Anne French, and is called Immac.



An effective cream for summer use, Cyclax's new Emollia. It keeps the skin soft and supple in the brightest sunlight





THE HOLIDAY LOOK FROM ITALY

Two cars that show the adventurous styling of Italian designers. Left: "The Outing Wagon," by Fissore, based on the Fiat Multipla. Right: The Fiat 500 is the foundation of this Jolly runabout, by Ghia of Turin



MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

The garage man answers back

"SERVICE with a scowl, eh?" said the garage man. He reads this column and I had been expecting some reaction from the piece I wrote a week or two ago. So I refilled his glass and settled down to listen.

"Car maintenance! Service After Sales!" he snorted. "It's a dead loss to us and we don't want it. The game's more trouble than it's worth. You just can't get the men. I've got a standing ad. in the *Situations Vacant*. It says *Men of 35 and over required* because I'm looking for experienced people, but if any likely-looking character turns up I grab him regardless of age. And the things they do would turn your hair white.

"An Air Force type came along last month. Been working on aero-engine overhaul. References were O.K. so I took him on. First job I gave him was checking the oil level in a back axle. He filled the axle right to the top and the oil oozed out all over the brakes. Terrible mess. When I got my breath back I said: 'Didn't you know there's a level plug to give you the correct level?' He'd never heard of it!

"When we do find a good man we take care of him and try to keep him for the big jobs. If someone comes in and says 'Adjust my distributor' or 'Adjust my brakes' I don't want to take my best man off an engine overhaul to earn a few bob. It's a couple of hours before he's back in the rhythm of the job again. So the chances are I tell them to try somewhere else and they go away grumbling about the bad service."

Which brought us back to the old problem. The car manufacturer's reputation is in danger if the owner cannot get good service, but a large section of the trade seems to find it impossible to give the service required. Some people feel British manufacturers ought to make more use of fixed-price repair schedules as employed by several major manufacturers on the Continent. South Africa goes further and the State fixes the prices for every repair operation. Would it help here? The garage man thought not.

"Service is a loss to us and the manufacturer knows it. We sell cars on his reputation and we have to give some service in return. But we get loaded up with work rectifying faulty assembly on new cars and it doesn't pay. You buy a new car and bring it in for oil, grease, adjustment of brakes and a general check-over at 500 or 1,000 miles. We do it because we have to. We get an allowance for it. But if you take the work to another agent for the same make I'd be glad to let him do it and lose money on it.

"Now they're going to start compulsory checking of old cars. Where do they suppose the labour is coming from? We haven't enough men to do the work there is now. My butcher has just sold his business after a lifetime in the trade and gone into a factory doing repetition work. He'd never seen a machine before but he's getting more money than he made out of the shop and he has no worries. It's fine for him. But do you want an ex-butcher pronouncing on the condition of your car and telling you whether it's roadworthy or not?

"I'm sorry I ever got mixed up with the garage lark. Pumps! Service! Emergencies! Before I took my present place I made £1,000 in one week in a little mews with four men selling second-hand cars. We sold 18 in a week. Now people want to know why we don't stay open all night to sell petrol. I tried it. Dead loss. I costed it. Work it out for yourself. One man at the pumps all round the clock means three pump hands altogether and you have to have another available for holidays and illness, so that's four of 'em. And then if you're lucky somebody will drive up in a Bentley at three o'clock in the morning and buy two gallons of petrol to get him home.

"Character with a rear-engined car came in complaining that the pump hand had been trying to put petrol in his radiator. I told him: 'You're lucky. They usually put the water in the petrol tank.' With wages, light and heat, it was a dead loss, so I closed it down."

Wiping away the tears that were diluting

my whisky I had to agree that it's tough working for less than £1,000 a week. We seem to be drifting towards a situation like that in the United States where service simply means throwing away the faulty unit and fitting a new one, but we lack the natural resources to support waste on such a scale. The remedy is not easy to see, for in an overtaxed economy employers and labour tend to concentrate on those activities which bring the highest return for the least effort. We can only look to the manufacturers for cars the owner can service himself and cars that need little service of any kind.

Buying petrol at night is another matter. I do a lot of driving at night simply because it takes too long to travel during the day and at this time of the year the nocturnal business traffic is heavily reinforced by holiday-makers trying to avoid the crowds; in fact traffic between the Midlands and the West Country now flows continuously all night at summer weekends. Even with the A.A. list of all-night filling stations it is often difficult to find enough fuel to keep going, and one morning recently I found myself in a queue of cars at 7.30 a.m. on the Oxford by-pass waiting for a filling station to open. The only hope seems to lie in a greater concentration of retail sales in filling stations run by the oil companies themselves. They should be able to keep a few stations open as a public service, just as the chain chemists keep open an occasional all-night dispensary. They might even make an extra charge between midnight and 7 a.m. The traffic congestion on our trunk roads has now reached such a pitch that every possible encouragement should be given to people who are willing to travel during the night.

At present it is hard not to feel bitter when unspoilt stretches of country and pleasant residential sites are daily being made hideous with new filling stations which join in the scramble for the peak day-time traffic but remain silent and deserted for ten or twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

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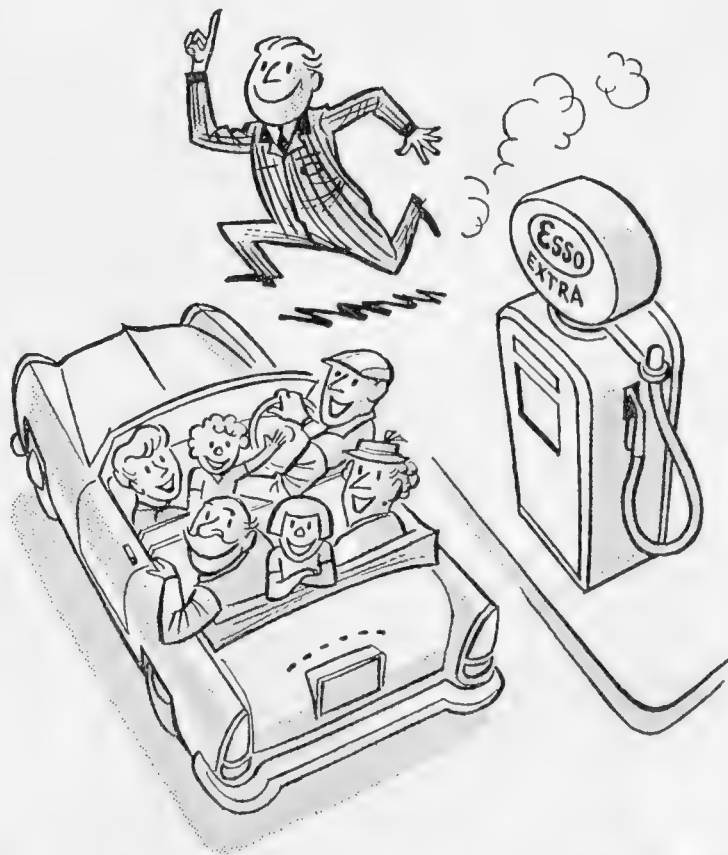
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FINEST IN THE WORLD

DINING IN

Cooking a grouse

by HELEN BURKE

THE OPENING of the grouse season yesterday reminds me that there is no other bird about which there has been so much controversy; not only regarding the time it should hang, but also the time and temperature at which it should be cooked. Whether the grouse, in the first place, should hang for little or long or not at all, is a matter of individual preference, but the great Escoffier insisted that grouse should be roasted when *fresh*.

When cooking grouse, some advise not more than 15 minutes in a hot oven; others give 20 to 25 minutes, while still others say 25 to 30 minutes. I have done enough research on the subject to be permitted to say, "What you like is right." It all depends on personal preference. So, be your own judge and let your guests decide how under-done or well done they would like their



birds—just as you ask them to tell you how they like steaks grilled.

Draw and truss the bird, leaving the heart and lungs inside. Knead pepper and salt to taste into a generous piece of butter and insert it into the body. Spread soft (not melted) butter all over it, then place the bird on its breast on a V-shaped rack (obtainable from the stores) in the roasting tin, with more butter, for basting, in the tin itself. Some people might prefer to wrap the bird in thin slices of fat salt pork, but butter is better.

Incidentally, all game birds and poultry should always be roasted on their breasts, so that the juices trickle into them instead of into the almost fleshless back.

Start at 450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8, and lower the heat after 3 to 4 minutes to 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4 to 5. Baste

several times during the cooking, spooning some of the butter into the body. If you like young grouse fairly well done, give it 20 to 25 minutes in all. Place a large kitchen fork in the body opening—not in the flesh—and tip it up a little so that some of the juice runs out. If it is very red and you do not like it, return the bird to the oven and cook it for a little longer, but grouse, to be tender and succulent, should be "rose" (pink).

Meanwhile, the liver should be gently under-cooked in a little butter, with seasoning to taste. Mash it into a paste and spread it on toast. Place the cooked grouse on top and serve with a clear gravy made this way: Pour off excess fat from the tin. Add to the tin to your liking stock made from leg beef. Rub it around the tin to remove the delicious residue and season the gravy to taste. Strain it into a heated gravy boat.

Garnish the bird with watercress and pass separately game chips, fried breadcrumbs and, if you like (I don't!), bread sauce.

It happens too often that a new food product or a new presentation of an old one comes on the market and I do not see it for quite a time. This has just happened to me with the "Tempo" quick-frozen sponge sandwich, generously filled with thick real cream, which, at only 2s. 6d., is excellent money's-worth. In these warm days, when real cream is the exception, one does feel happy to be able to buy a cake of this kind and pop it into the refrigerator to keep for days, if necessary, before eating it.

DINING OUT

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Try Sunday eating in town

I AM OFTEN asked by car-owners in London to recommend somewhere not too far out where they can lunch or dine on a Sunday without having the long drive back from some seaside resort in a mass of slowly-moving traffic.

I am also asked the same question by people living some miles out of London. To these I usually suggest, much to their surprise, that they should motor up to town instead of away from it. You have the whole place to yourself, at least as far as traffic is concerned; you can drive about in peace and see what London looks like; the bars of most of the smart hotels are fairly empty; and there is no difficulty in getting a table in their grill-rooms and restaurants.

Most of the well-known restaurants are closed on Sundays, but here are a few exceptions (where no time of opening is specified it means they are open for both lunch and dinner):

THE BROMPTON GRILL, 243 Brompton Road, S.W.3, has an excellent Continental cuisine. Opens at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

CHEZ CICCIO, 38 Kensington Church Street, W.8. First-class Italian food.

JAMSHID, 6 Glendower Place, Brompton Road, S.W.7, for some of the best curries obtainable in London.

KETTNER'S, the celebrated Soho restaurant in Romilly Street, W.1.

MARTINEZ, 25 Swallow Street, W.1. Spanish food in a very Spanish atmosphere.

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QUEEN'S RESTAURANT, 4 Sloane Square, S.W.1. Good food and wine at reasonable prices.

SCOTT'S, 18 Coventry Street, W.1. Oldest seafood house in London, first-class grill and an excellent bar downstairs.

THE TROCADERO, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1—a world-famous rendezvous, large, gay and cosmopolitan.

VENDOME, 20 Dover Street, W.1. One of the Wheeler group, they have 20 ways of cooking a sole and dozens of ways of preparing a lobster—but there's nothing to stop you from having a steak if you prefer it.

Then there is the mighty COVENTRY STREET CORNER HOUSE, a sort of world in itself, with a wide choice of restaurants, such as the Bacon & Egg, Grill & Cheese, Seven Star (where the joints are carved by your table from the trolley) and the Chicken Fayre, a fine sight with something like 24 chickens revolving on the spit grill together.



Inside the new grill-room behind the Buckingham in Petty France, Westminster, with its novel decoration. At the table is Mrs. Alastair Greig, wife of the proprietor

Also in central London there is the excellent Portuguese Restaurant THE ESTORIL at No. 3 Denman Street off Shaftesbury Avenue, which is open on Sundays and closed on Mondays. Apologies to Isabel Dos Anjos and Eric Allam for stating in my column of 23 July that it was in Dean Street.

There are also many small but good restaurants in the Kensington and Chelsea areas such as CHEZ LUBA, 116 Draycott Avenue, S.W.3, where the proprietor himself prepares Russian and Polish dishes—they are open for dinner only on Sundays. CHEZ KRISTOF, 12 St. Albans Grove, off Gloucester Road, W.8, also specializes in Polish food.

Two excellent Chinese restaurants also open on Sundays are the new and charming FU TONG, 29 Kensington High Street, and the SHANGRI-LA, 233 Brompton Road.

Next week I shall talk about some places out of town.

Fine Watches by Benson



A. V. Swaebe

The Earl of Warwick

by L. G. PINE

THE pedigree of the great house of Greville, later earls of Warwick, is traced far back into the Middle Ages. In the reign of Richard II, that king acknowledged a debt of 300 marks to William Greville and his father. In days when there were no banks and no service of loans a sovereign short of money was glad to obtain ready cash from a subject. As the money could hardly ever be repaid, grants of land had to be made, or privileges conferred instead. Soon we find the Grevilles seated on lands of value in Gloucestershire and marrying with the heiresses of great families like the Ardens. Hence their estates increased and with landed property went the other attributes of the aristocracy, including participation in war.

Sir Edward Greville of Milcote, in Warwickshire, served bravely under Henry VIII—notably at the famous Battle of the Spurs in France, when the French cavalry used spurs rather than swords against the English. Perhaps it was as a reward for military prowess that Sir Edward obtained the wardship of a great heiress, one Elizabeth Willoughby, eventually the sole heiress of the Lords Brooke. It was the design of Sir Edward that she should marry his elder son, Sir John Greville, who had already attained a distinguished position. But the young lady preferred the younger son, Fulke. When she told Sir Edward about her feelings he pointed out that Fulke would as a younger son have little to inherit, even if he managed to return alive and well from the wars. Elizabeth's reply was that her fortune would provide for both of them, and, as for Fulke's safety, she would pray for that. Fulke duly returned and wedded Elizabeth Willoughby. It is from his line that the present (7th) Earl of Warwick (*above*) descends, while the line of his elder brother fell into financial difficulties and ultimately became extinct.

Fulke Greville became by his marriage a man of great estate, and his industry and that of his son paved the way to the title of Baron Brooke, bestowed on the grandson of Fulke & Elizabeth. This Sir Fulke Greville, 1st Baron Brooke, was a man distinguished in arts and in arms in the reigns of Elizabeth I and James I. On his tomb in the great church at Warwick were these words, which give a succinct account of his career: *Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to James I, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney*. From his time the family has maintained its prominence. The Earldom of Warwick, an old romantic title, held earlier by several other families, was revived and granted to it in 1759.

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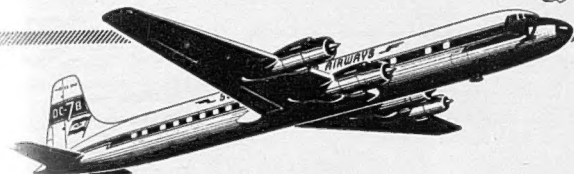
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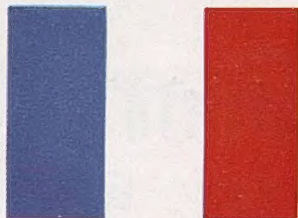
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